

TO THE GOLDEN
GOAL
AND
OTHER SKETCHES

DR. J. G. TVCKER

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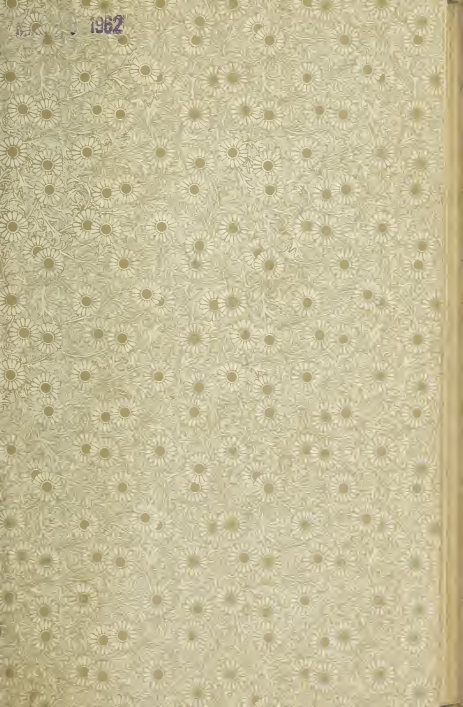
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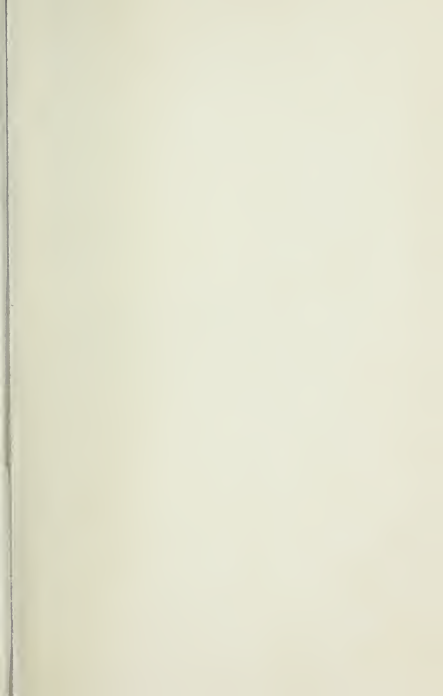
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To the Golden Goal And Other Sketches

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This volume contains selections of personal reminiscences and sketches by Dr. J. C. Tucker, now published by his wife with the hope that they may prove interesting to his family and friends.

San Francisco, June, 1895.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	7
<hr/>	
TO THE GOLDEN GOAL	9
THE DAYS OF GOLD	79
SEARCHING FOR GOLD LAKE	95
HUNTING IN PIONEER DAYS	159
A WILD RIDE	177
WITH WALKER	201
A SURGEON'S EXPERIENCE	217
GLIMPSES OF GUATEMALA	239
LEGEND OF SQUAW ROCK	253
A TRAGEDY OF BLUE LAKES	271
THE YACHT MINNIE'S MARK	287

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

JOSEPH CLARENCE TUCKER was born in the city of New York, on April 28, 1828. At an early age he graduated from the Medical Department of the New York University. His health failing, he joined the eager throng of gold-seeking adventurers, and sailed as surgeon of the good ship *Tarolinta*, which left New York for California on January 13, 1849, arriving at San Francisco on July 6th of the same year.

For many years Dr. Tucker held important positions of trust and responsibility in California.

He died in Oakland, on December 22, 1891.



Cape Horn.

TO THE GOLDEN GOAL.

TO THE GOLDEN GOAL.

THE first uncertain rumors of gold found in far-off California—a *terra incognita* lying somewhere near sunset on the North American continent—reached the Atlantic States about October, 1848. The war between the United States and Mexico had just closed—the latter ceding to our Government the territory of California.

But little credence was at first given the report; but when, a month later, a few persons returned from the placer diggings with specimens of gold, the adventurous spirit of Young America was aroused, and inquiries as to the geographical location and general character of El Dorado were numerous. Excepting whalers and a few traders who had visited the Pacific Coast by sea, none had personal knowledge of that distant shore.

The navigators—Cook, Porter, and others—seemed to confirm the exaggerated stories of these traders, all agreeing that the coast was barren, dangerous, and windy. Fremont,

Bryant, and others who, crossing the plains and intervening ranges of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, had reached the fertile valleys of California, apparently embraced the other extreme, in describing them as clothed in eternal verdure and flowers of every hue! Their description, being the most agreeable, was generally accepted by the young and enthusiastic spirits who proposed to set forth for the golden land of the West.

By December, 1848, the stories of gold found by the pound in El Dorado were confirmed beyond question by the shipment of the precious metal in payment for goods ordered out from the East. Several vessels were at once put up for passengers and freight, and by January 1, 1849, some—including the ships *Pacific*, *Brooklyn*, and *Christopher Colon*—sailed with full complements of passengers and cargoes. Many companies, with high-sounding names and purposes, were formed. Some of these were sufficiently large to purchase their own ships, and all went provided with every known species of implement for mining. As each member was obliged to put into such companies at least five hundred dollars—the ordinary fare out to California being from three hundred to

six hundred dollars,—those going out, by way of Cape Horn particularly, were well armed, provisioned, and provided for.

Thousands started across Mexico, with a vague expectation of finding vessels in the Pacific ports of that country, or of traveling up the western coast to the mines. For many years after, and until covered by a kindly sod, the many little piles of stones along the trails leading Pacificward sadly testified to the many "Americans" who, through violence or tropical disease, had dropped out of the ranks and passed on to a still more unknown land.

About November, 1848, the first two steamers—the California and the Panama—of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company left New York to take their places on the Pacific side of the route. They both were crowded to excess, although the fare was high. Before they doubled the Horn and reached Panama, as many more passengers had arrived at that ancient Spanish city by the succeeding steamer to Aspinwall, and then *via* Chagres River and mule trail. There the major part of them were obliged to wait until the steamers went up to California and returned.

Meanwhile, others continued to arrive, while a few departed in craft of any size and

condition. Many embarked in crazy little coasting vessels; and as high as twelve hundred dollars was given for a whaleboat, in which some parties reached San Diego and Monterey. Upon the Isthmus, also, full cemeteries and lonelier graves attest the sudden ending of many a journey begun amid the brightest anticipations.

The malaria of the tropics, so deadly to those of the northern latitudes at any time, but particularly to this throng of young and imprudent spirits, decimated their army as if with a plague. The gorgeous tropical scenery; the soft, sensual climate; the luscious fruits and wines; the abandon and beauty of the native women, voluptuous in their physical perfection and graceful demi-costumes; the wild, adventurous character of their enterprise,—all seemed to combine in forming such an irrepressible type of young Yankee character abroad as Spanish America never again may see.

There were no grayheads to counsel prudence. The first pioneers to California were all men, few of them over thirty-five years of age. They rushed away from hamlet and from city,—the hopeful and the brave,—disregarding the doubtings and remonstrances

of older and more skeptical heads. Every locality,—almost every hearthstone,—had its representative, and few there were unworthy. No little courage and enterprise was required then to travel thousands of miles by land or sea to explore a wilderness said to be infested with fierce animals and Indians. California was then less known than is, by the researches of Livingstone and Stanley, the heart of Africa to-day. The character and class of young men composing the front rank of the great army of those whose tramp re-echoed westward in '49 was remarkable, and worthy of comment.

Twenty thousand youth, passed upon as competent by that unerring medical monitor, self-conscious ability, turned from happy, many from luxurious, homes, to find in the wilderness health, wealth, and manly excitement. There were no cripples, no aged, in the throng. In after years, when peace and prosperity were assured, the cautious and matured capitalist crept in with his experience and money, and gathered in what youth had overlooked. The Darwinian theory of "the fittest in selection" was then unknown as such, but practiced by nature's promptings.

Most of these pioneers were sons of rich families, and many far above mediocre men-

tal ability. The cost of reaching these shores then was not within the reach of every one, and many a slouched hat covered a cultivated mind, replete with classic lore. Some may have whined as they fell by the roadside or sea on that memorable rush, but the majority have met death—and life, with its vicissitudes sometimes more bitter,—unflinchingly and uncomplainingly. A more gallant, generous, untiring host of youth shall never meet again.

Those who passed through Mexico were generally the first to reach California. Successively, the Nicaraguan and Tehautepec routes were opened, and thronged by later emigrants. At San Carlos (on the bank of the Rio de San Juan), where, teeming with life, nature, jealous of the loss of time, is sleepless amid the sublime scenery and scents of the tropics,—where the lofty ronron and cedros trees stretch out, Briareus-like, a thousand protecting arms wreathed in parasitical garlands,—sleep where they dropped in that onward, hopeful march the young, the loved, the true! Beneath the clear starlight of the equator, and the brighter gleam of the Southern Cross, a few heartfelt words of prayer have fallen from sincere lips, as with tender care comrades consigned the cold form of

some cherished friend to the embrace of the deep and glittering sea. With drooping heads and dragging feet on the burning plains, with their boundless horizon of fire; buried amid the mountain snow, confronted by gaunt famine; and warring with the savage for the life of those dearer than self,—everywhere they dropped and made no sign!

“And save the cross above his head,
Be there no sign nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim’s tread.”

California was the Mecca toward which all these pilgrims converged. As I have said, those by the Mexican route, with the few fortunate ones by the first Isthmus steamers that got directly through, were the *avant courriers* of the throng following, many going to San Francisco from New York in sixty days. Next came the Cape Horn fleet, averaging six-month trips.

In the latter part of July the first overland trains arrived, generally in good condition, in about three or four months from St. Louis. They had pack-mules, had traveled fast, passing larger and slower trains, and thus getting the best pasture.

And now, with this reference to the cause,

character, and course of the "California gold excitement," I will endeavor to more particularly give a description of the voyage of the good ship that bore me to the "golden goal," and of such things as came directly within my own observation then, there, and thereafter.

The staunch half-clipper ship *Tarolinta* (Indian for "floating rose"), five hundred and fifty tons burthen, owned by the Griswold Brothers, of New York City, Captain William Cave, advertised "superior accommodations for passengers," and to sail December 28, 1848, for San Francisco, stopping at Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso, South America. At that date, her passenger list remaining unfilled, the time for sailing was again postponed until January 9, 1849. Again, at that time, owing to additional freight offering for South America it was said, the time of departure was fixed for the 13th of the month. One of the fiercest snowstorms that ever incruited the Atlantic coast had prevailed for several days preceding. The streets of New York City were three feet deep with snow. The rivers had frozen over, and people crossed from Jersey City and Brooklyn on the ice. On January 12th, a thaw broke the icy bond. The morning of the 13th was

clear and cold. We were ordered to be on board early. The Tarolinta had among her one hundred and twenty-five passengers some celebrities, which fact, together with the then gathering excitement regarding California, perhaps accounted for the vast assemblage of several thousand persons upon the pier, at foot of Wall Street, at which our vessel lay. That wharf, as well as those adjoining, was black with excited spectators, who cheered lustily as the lines were cast off, and two powerful steam-tugs pulled the ship away through the great masses of ice down the harbor to the sea.

On the way down to Sandy Hook a champagne collation was served to the owners on board. A few of the distinguished passengers were invited to partake of this parting feast. Dreary and uncomfortable enough seemed the craft, crowded as she was with freight, living and in bulk.

Between her upper decks she was fitted up from aft to a partition about midships with roughly constructed staterooms, containing from two to four berths each. These were all occupied by cabin passengers. The quarter-deck cabin also contained several staterooms filled with the same class of passengers. Between decks, and between the partition

before alluded to and the forecastle, occupied by the sailors, was the second cabin, also filled with passengers. The captain was a huge, blustering sailor, assisted by four mates. The crew numbered twenty, all negroes, and few of them less than six feet in height. There was, also, a corps of waiters, etc., most of whom were to work their passage out.

A great excess of freight was taken. The decks were piled to the bulwarks with house-frames, small boats, barrels of provisions, roughly lashed and chocked. There was no heat below, while on deck it was still colder and more uncomfortable. Many were strangers—all were so to me. There was no wind, and the vessel at nightfall anchored inside the Hook. The tugs, with those who came on them to see us off, had left. The wiser ones were "turning in" early, and I sought my own stateroom. It was one of the largest, and to be occupied by four others. Two were there already, and I was informed by one of them, an intelligent and highly educated sea-captain, that the fourth occupant was a Dr. J. B. Phinney, last seen at the collation on the tug. Supposing myself the only physician on board, I now felt an interest in my fellow-craftman's mysterious disappear-

ance. There were his trunks, all marked conspicuously, but no one knew aught of the Doctor.

Quietly picking my way among the lumber and barrels on deck, I stumbled on the prostrate form of a man rolled up in a buffalo-robe — evidently a passenger who had conscientiously covered the contents of several bottles of champagne. I lugged him down below, and tumbled him into Dr. Phinney's berth, boots, buffalo-robe and all, on mere suspicion.

Twenty-four hours later, as the *Tarolinta* was dancing — *not* smelling — like a "floating rose," a voice issued from the robe:

"Say! Any you fellows got anything to drink?"

Mutual introductions and explanations accompanied a compliance with Buffalo's suggestion, and the agreeable discovery was made that the Doctor and he were one and the same.

We were afterward, in California, partners in practice. An accomplished physician, a ripe scholar, possessed of rare warmth of heart, generous to prodigality, his profession and his friends he prized above life. As is too often the case with such men, his social inclinations were his ultimate ruin. Many

years after, I, while in the United States service, and passing through Nicaragua, met and attended Dr. Phinney there through a severe attack of yellow fever, a relapse of which afterward carried him off. He was buried beneath the fortress at Castillo Rapids, on the San Juan River. In another place I may have occasion to again mention the Doctor.

A finer crew than that of the Tarolinta never braced a ship's yard. Tall, athletic fellows, they were remembered in every port we entered; for, as they heaved on the windlass, or swung to a halyard, the rich voices in ringing chorus attracted general admiration. The good ship sped onward in her course, southeast by south, heading about for the Cape Verde Islands, urged by a favorable breeze.

By this time most of us were recovering from our seasickness and crawling out of our bunks. Then we began to commiserate each other's sufferings, got acquainted, and unitedly cursed the fellows who *didn't* get seasick and perseveringly sat at the table at every meal, and afterward smoked great nauseating pipes to the windward of us sufferers. It is said that human character is more quickly

and fully disclosed at sea than on land. Doubtless, the close shipboard companionship has much to do with such development.

Gradually the weather softened and grew balmy; bright moonlight nights ensued; and one by one our future musicians modestly appeared with every manner of instrument. Violins and accordeons were largely in the majority. Negro minstrelsy had then just become popular, and a small invoice of banjos, bones, and burnt-cork melody inundated us, until, by unanimous resolution, public performances of that character were relegated to a band organized of the most proficient.

But at any time they chose to get up an opposition, our darky crew could play and dance all around their Caucasian imitators. And just then our big, blustering, and heretofore semi-dignified Captain joined in with a specimen of what he called a "Virginia breakdown." Presuming upon the familiarity engendered by banjo companionship, some of the more youthful of the passengers on the morning following had the temerity to address some inquiries to that high and agile potentate. Alas! he had again wrapped himself in the hauteur of commander, and heeded them not.

One by one, our celebrities crept out and aired themselves. There were the Hon. Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale; Frederick Jerome, the hero of the Ocean Monarch; Mr. Winchester, ex-editor of the "New World," of New York; and a Mr. Vail, of Troy, said to have written something about China, and accompanied by a colored servant. Then we had at least a dozen sea-captains. They all regularly appeared on deck at noon, sextant or quadrant in hand, and, with strangely contorted visages, looked cross-eyed at the sun. Then followed mysterious mathematical problems, each locating the ship differently. Several pupils were taken in by the dissenting navigators, and nearly blinded in their vain efforts to "see it." There not being sun enough to go around the whole party, the crowd would get up at midnight and stamp about the decks, shooting at the moon and stars with their three-cornered telescopes! Finally, even science became exhausted—the instruments gradually disappeared, and at last the location of the ship at meridian was no longer multiplied by twelve.

And now the sailors' privilege of grumbling at the fare was claimed by the passengers. Appetites were reacting keenly after

seasickness; and the printed lists of the fare proposed to be furnished by the owners when passage was taken were gotten out and eagerly scanned for comparison. Many inaccuracies of a delicate character certainly did appear. Our ingenious captain, however, explained that the articles of diet were all on board, but, in the confusion of storing cargo, the stores had got into the hold; they would be "taken out to-morrow." "To-morrow" came, but the deficiencies—never! Later, when we arrived at San Francisco, the worthy captain sold five thousand dollars' worth of "ship's stores"—doubtless for account of owners and deprivation of passengers.

By the wind we swept past and south of the Cape Verde Islands, until the coast of Africa was sighted. It seemed strange then, to us—the necessity of sailing eastward, across the entire Atlantic Ocean, when our course was south! But the twelve amateur navigators consulted Bowditch, damned their eyes, and declared the "old man" was right; so we gave it up. Since then, Maury's "Geography of the Sea" has explained to us that there is no necessity for such easting, as the Gulf Stream can be avoided and reliable winds found in a middle southeast course.

Each vessel then followed the course laid down on the chart as pursued by its predecessors. The subsequent California trade demanding speed, clipper ships made fastest time by running more directly south, outside the Gulf Stream.

None now follow our old route. Those were the days of "slave trade." And while "Afric's burning sand" was still blowing upon our decks, we sighted a "long, low, black-looking schooner"—a slaver, undoubtedly, or so pronounced by a majority of the "Committee of Twelve on Marine." Besides, the skipper, for once, indorsed the opinion of the committee; and, in an hour of official relaxation, he forgot his dignity, and spun to the boys some very fishy yarns regarding his earlier marine morals. For several days thereafter the more innocent cultivated an awe for him, as of a possibly reformed pirate!

About February 20th, we crossed the "line," and experienced the usual equatorial calms. Passing through these, we caught the south-east trades and sighted Rio Janeiro headlands, a range of mountains called, from their resemblance to a man lying upon his back, "The Giant of the Bar." Apes de Azúcar (Sugar Loaf) and Corcovado (The Hunchback), two

sentinel mountains, guard the mouth of the harbor. They are lofty, and can be seen thirty miles at sea. At the foot of the latter lies spread out the tropical marble city of Rio Janeiro.

The word *ecstatic* fails to describe our feelings as we glided between the emerald-green islands lying at the entrance, past the ancient Moorish-looking fortresses, from one of which our name and nationality were demanded through a long trumpet, by a seneschal in rich uniform. The scene was, to us poor wretches — confined for two months in a crowded vessel — complete. It was the fairy dream of youth realized! Every sense seemed gratified. The deep green of the dense foliage lighted up by brilliant flowers and luscious fruits that weighted the land-breeze with their rich perfumes; the towering palms and cocoas that, plumelike, bent their fringed foliage in graceful dignity; the symmetrical coffee plantations of Praya Grande, stretching away in long, converging lines of green; cries of birds and animals, sweet, shrill, and sad — all new to our ears; the babble of the Portuguese boatmen alongside, with their loads of tropical fruits for sale; the deep blue sky; the clear, softly rippling waves that seemed to

lovingly caress the white, shelly shore,—all combined to form in our young and then impressible minds the one fair ideal picture born of youth's brightest imaginings! One hour of the exquisite happiness of that day,—of the quenchless joy, the bright anticipations then felt,—were worth to our now disappointed hopes and hearts more than mines of gold and silver. Often, amid the darker days that have since dawned upon us, that one purest, fairest life-scene has stood forth the realization of an earthly paradise.

"Let go your anchor!" thundered from the stentorian lungs of our commander, and the music of the rattling chain only ceased as the ponderous iron sunk in Brazilian soil. To spring into one of the many passenger-boats alongside and reach the quay was a matter of but a few minutes. At the Hotel de l'Univers we secured rooms. At the door we took a carriage and drove over and back of the city. Spanish-American cities are typical—having seen one, you have seen all. The heavy-walled houses, generally two-story, with large windows—grated below and balconied above,—were here, built of a native white marble. A driveway into a court, like European residences, is usual among the wealthier class.

Women of rank are seldom seen on foot in the streets, which were narrow and dirty.

Once a province of Portugal, Brazil now is the only monarchy on the American continent. Wealthy, and progressive, under the wise and liberal government of its Emperor, Dom Pedro, it illustrates many advantages resulting from autocratic rule, where the ruler is just, manly, and intelligent. During our Centennial Exhibition, Dom Pedro visited the United States, and, by his democratic, unostentatious manners, and industry in pursuit of knowledge to the advantage of his nation, won the admiration of our people. At the time our ship was in Brazil, Dom Pedro was in his minority and at the university. During his visit to this country, he found time to run across the continent to California. Perhaps he remembered the hordes of irrepressible Yankees that, *en route* for California in his boyhood, made Rio howl with their wild orgies and eccentricities; perhaps he was desirous of looking upon great States created within his time, and by a people he once kindly received as guests.

The palace is an unpretentious white marble building. The population, especially across the bay at Praya Grande, is largely French.

The quay, markets, and streets were filled with African slaves. Gangs of them, bending under heavy head-loads of merchandise, went trotting past, keeping time to a monotonous four-note chant. Most of them were recent arrivals; all were branded on the shoulder, back, or forehead — many freshly.

The *Pedro*, a yachtlike schooner, with a long brass pivot-gun amidships, lay in the harbor. She had landed a cargo of slaves but a few weeks before, and was said to be owned by some Boston capitalists. The brig *Fabious* lay in port, shortly to sail for New York. By her we sent our letter-bag. Anchored in the harbor lay the ship *South Carolina*, a vessel that left New York two weeks after us! Her captain said it was rumored at home that we were lost at sea. Our extreme easterly course, on which we spoke no homeward-bound vessel, probably gave rise to the apprehension. The captain of the *South Carolina* had, in New York, proposed to race us down to Rio, but our very prudent commander had unfortunately declined the challenge. Also, the *Sutton*, the *Roe*, the *Express*, and the *Christopher Colon* were here, the latter repairing damages received in a gale. Among her passengers were a large number of the sons of

the oldest and wealthiest New York families. Before we left Rio Janeiro—on March 10th—the *Osceola*, the *Pacific*, the *Architect*, the *Harriet Pridler*, the *Laura Virginia*, the *Peytona*, and half a dozen more, dropped into port, all loaded with passengers and freight for California.

The *Hotel Farrue*, facing the quay landing at Rio Janeiro, an excellent restaurant kept by a Frenchman, was continually crowded and never closed its doors. It was said there were three thousand "Yankee Doodles" in the city. It was there that the new-comers usually experienced the consternation regarding the amount of their bills in Brazilian currency, so amusingly described by Mark Twain.

A portion of our cargo out; fresh water taken in; our deckload somewhat reduced by discharge and better stowage, with loads of fruit, wine, preserves, etc., coming over the side, purchases of passengers,—the order was at last given: "Heave away on your anchor!"

Once more the old familiar chorus of our sable crew rang out: "Storm along, stormy!" Then came the mate's response, "Anchor weighed, sir!" And amid pealing cheers from the remaining vessels, heartily acknowledged by ours in echo, with flags dipping and canvas

filling, we slowly glided out of the lovely harbor of Rio Janeiro. The prow of the good ship turned southward on a direct course for Cape Horn.

Off the Rio de la Plata, S. A., March 15th, we were bowling along twelve knots an hour, and going too fast to speak a homeward-bound Boston brig that passed, or even to learn her name. It was the first one on the homestretch we had met since leaving New York. She, too, was flying on the other tack; so we could only signal her, and exhibit the large canvas sign with our name and destination painted on it, the same used on the vessel in New York before sailing. The sea was running very high; but with glasses they must have easily made it out. Those wonderful native boats—catamarans—were, nevertheless, outrunning us in this sea, and out of sight of shore.

Our run down the remainder of the South American coast was rapid and without any startling incident. The usual shoal of dolphins leaped and plunged beneath our bows, and many were harpooned. We eagerly looked for the poetically beautiful "changing hues of the dying dolphin"; but while we certainly found enough to sustain the sentimental hypothesis.

we generally conceded it to be a sentimental fiction. Sunfish, porpoises, sharks—we caught, cooked, and ate of them all. Whales without number were around us. The sea was luminous at night with phosphorescent anemones, while the sun reflected back a thousand different tints from the fleets of nautilus through which we sailed. The Southern Cross grew brighter as we neared it; and finally the “Magellan clouds,” that mysterious constellated trinity of clouds that regularly rise and set south of the straits of that name, guided us as did the pillar of fire the good prophet Moses. The days grew shorter,—the nights seemed interminable. It was growing colder, too, and anon the grateful aroma of hot whiskies could now be detected in the cabin atmosphere.

Let me copy a few lines from an old letter, descriptive of this portion of the trip:

“The day was beautifully clear on which we saw in the distance off our starboard bow, the barren and inhospitable shores of Staten Land. Under a favorable breeze we rapidly neared them, and by 5 P. M. were directly off the bluffs of Cape St. John. Suddenly, one of those fierce storms of wind and rain peculiar to the Cape, in less time than I have occupied in writing this, overcast the before clear sky, and, under close-reefed sails, the *Tarolinta* was scudding before it to the southeast. It had been the captain’s

intention to run through the Straits of Magellan, between the mainland and Terra del Fuego. As it was, the sudden change of wind drove us into currents and latitudes that nearly ended there our voyage."

We were driven as far south as sixty degrees,—much farther south, indeed, than I care to again go. To be sure the icebergs were grandly magnificent—when not so dangerously near; but I have never wished to see ice since outside a pitcher. With our decks and rigging crystallized with ice, growing thicker each day; with hatches battened down, as the vessel pitching bows under into the high seas and counter-currents that knocked the headway out of her, we spoke the brig *Attila*, bound for California likewise. As severe as was the cold to us Norsemen, it benumbed and almost rendered powerless our negro crew—nearly all from the South. At last, when the order was given to "Keep her away!" and her prow turned northward, a cheer of gratitude and relief arose from the forlorn and frozen crew and passengers.

Many amusing incidents and practical jokes naturally occurred among the one hundred and twenty-five young men confined aboard ship so long off the Cape, where we buffeted head winds, chop seas, and tides. For nearly

two weeks we had but six hours of daylight. There was no fire in the cabins, and no room for exercise below.

The chances of washing or slipping overboard on deck were as excellent for landsmen as were those of frosted hands, feet, or nose. Those who imagined their supply of "grog" would last to Valparaiso suddenly found frequent hot drinks had made low-tide in the demijohn. Liquor of any kind sold at mining prices—five dollars a bottle. Even that price advanced as the stock grew less.

A speculative passenger had bought a barrel of gin at Rio, and bottled it aboard, to retail in the mines. He reluctantly parted with a few well-watered bottles at "\$6@ \$8, buyer 5," when a conspiracy inveigled him upon deck while his stateroom was burglarized, and the most of the bottles emptied and refilled with water. After that he was surprised at nobody's wanting any more gin at any price, until he sampled it himself one day and discovered the raid made on him.

In ours, the largest stateroom—called the "Star Chamber,"—a great chest of Dr. Phinney's, yclept "the ark and covenant," was secured to the floor in the center of the room, with cleats around the upper edges, to keep

things on. This was our table. Fastened upon it, burned almost continually the spirit-lamp, heating water for "hot stuff," coffee, or tea.

During the dark and tedious hours, there were gathered there some of the choicest of the good fellows — George Vail and Pearson (of Troy, N. Y.), Judge Munson (afterward on the bench at Sacramento City), William C. Hoff, Bob Sterling, Dan Norcross, William S. O'Brien, Nicholas DePeyster, Coddington, Captain Langdon, and many others. The last stateroom forward — the Star Chamber — was next the ship's pantry. Only a thin partition separated the apartments. For our mess of nine, bribery for a long time obtained from the pantryman extra luxuries for our private suppers. But there came a time when sardines and pies were as scarce as liquors.

One night the foraging committee reported the discovery of a ten-gallon keg of something, located in the pantry against the stateroom partition. A diamond drill, in the shape of a gimlet, was at once run, closely followed by a tube, and the result to the ingenious "Nine" was a stream of very choice brandy! Judge Munson manufactured an excellent article of arrack from alcohol (intended for

medicinal purposes) and burnt sugar (caramel). As the steaming arrack punch or simmering "porteree" went round, wit, sentiment, and folly found vent. The following words, set to the tune of "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," were written and sung then, with a roaring chorus:

"Here's a health, my boys, to our island home,
Far o'er the foaming brine,
And a toast to the better days to come,
And the jolly Club of Nine!
We'll drink to the lovely girls so trim,
And the blissful hours spent,
And pledge our glasses to the brim
O'er our 'Ark and Covenant.'

CHORUS — Here's a health," etc.

"We'll meet, my boys, in future days
As miners rough and free,
And think how hard it was to raise
A glass of grog at sea.
We'll drink to old King Alcohol,
Sardines, and ship pantry,
And fill our glasses to the Club
With smoking 'porteree.' "

Great was the wonderment of the destitute at the never-failing and varied supply of the Star Chamber. The neatly fitting section of a partition board was removed, and the pantry quietly relieved of a surplus of sardines, smoked beef, hams, tongues, etc. Before the astonished steward could locate his loss, the

keg was drawn off, and, at a time when the pantry door was open, adroitly turned around. The gimlet-hole was previously plugged up in the partition, and no traces of the "diamond drill on the lower level" left to betray our room.

The "Devil's Frying-Pan," a manuscript paper, edited and read by Mr. Lawrence once a week, was the medium of many good and many bad things. The contributions were generally anonymous, and dropped through a hole in the editor's stateroom door. The weaknesses and follies of all were ventilated, oftener with more malice than mercy.

As the days grew longer, and the warm, sunny atmosphere of the South Pacific thawed us out, the old deck-yarns were renewed. Then the Hon. Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale, came up from below, with a Turkish rug of divers colors upon his arm and a Turkish smoking-cap upon his flaring locks. As he sat cross-legged upon his mat and smoked his pipe, he modestly told us how he was appointed by the United States Government Minister Plenipotentiary and (very) Extraordinary to Constantinople. The recital of his interviews with the Pashas, the customs of the country, etc., were very entertaining — for the Hon.

Caleb was a man of much erudition and an acknowledged elocutionist and poet.

On the 24th of April—in latitude $50^{\circ} 9'$, longitude $40^{\circ} 10'$ —off the southern coast of Chile, I attained my majority. On that day there was nearly a mutiny on board the ship, because of the scanty food served. The “Frying-Pan” contained many bitter things against the captain and the owners. A doggerel in the paper put our wants into song, with a chorus—quoting the captain’s invariable reply on the question of short “grub”—

“It ’s down in the hold;
But we ’ll get it out to-morrow.”

An indignation-meeting of sufferers who had “gone short” on raisins in their plum duff, pea soup, lobscouse, and other toothsome marine viands, appointed a committee of three of the leanest men to remonstrate again, and finally, with the captain. That worthy *matelot* was—as frequently—taking his afternoon siesta in his stateroom. To several respectful taps upon the door of that sacred temple there came no response. A more energetic rap from the thinnest committeeman elicited an inquiry, “Who’s there?” Then came an explanation through the door, abruptly closed by a deeply bass abjuration from the com-

mander, consigning the lean committeeman to—the lowest level. Then the committee returned to the meeting, begged leave to report, and asked to be discharged from further consideration of the subject-matter. The same was then considered in committee of the whole passengers, with the following result.

But first let me go back and describe the *personnel* of our worthy commander. In appearance, he was a powerful man, fully six feet four inches in height. A long, tangled yellow beard and mustache, with wild, unkempt hair, and eyes of the same gamboge hue. He usually wore an old coat, faded to a harmonizing color. In stormy weather, the same blending of tints was preserved by a huge oilskin coat and “sou’wester.”

Now, at Rio several goats were taken aboard as “fresh meat,” and served up as early spring lamb. The veteran of the herd, an old ram, caught and broke a leg in an endeavor to jump out of the pen. It was set, the goat meanwhile enjoying the freedom of the decks and becoming a pet with all hands.

On this occasion the veteran was caught, his goatee yellowed by ochre paint, and, with the captain’s trumpet swung around his neck, the old sou’wester over the goat’s horns, and the

long-tailed oilskin coat bound around his body, he was quietly coaxed near the captain's stateroom door. There, when he had been irritated into a bucking humor, and was poised to pitch into his tormenter, who stood against the door, the knob was turned, it gave way, and the goat, in full paraphernalia, pitched headlong into the stateroom, and into the low berth opposite, where the commander lay. When the door again opened, and that unfortunate goat came out hurriedly on his ear, there was not a passenger within twenty feet of it. The commander did not reappear for twelve hours after. The breeze changed to fair, but the ship slid along under scant sail only — for the skipper still slept, and he alone could reef or carry. Nothing was gained by that charge.

With a majority of the passengers, pea soup was a favorite article of our prescribed diet. Some of them had unlimited capacity for the article, and, as it was whispered that the stock of dried peas was nearly exhausted, these soup sharps determined to make a corner in it by strategy. The "Doctor" (chief cook at sea) was not a particularly handsome or cleanly personage. He lived under a dirty old skull-cap, the original color of which, indistin-

guishable with layers of grease, dirt, and smoke, had softened to a hue becoming his Ethiopian complexion.

As the soup was served, several of the sharps sat back and declined it. This elicited remarks of surprise from others.

"Why, how is it you fellows don't eat soup to-day?"

"Never mind," was the reply; "you can eat our share. No more pea soup for us!"

Urged to explain, the chief sharp spoke as follows:

"You know the old skullcap the 'Doctor' wears? Well, to-day, while he was stirring up the pea soup, it dropped from his woolly head into the soup-kettle. He fished it out with a fork, and wrung it out into the kettle."

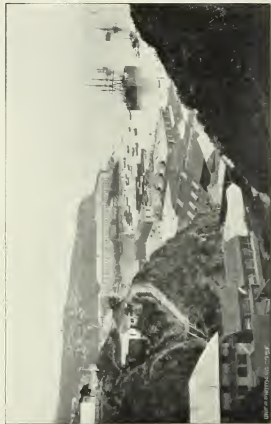
This recital was given loudly and listened to attentively. A general pushing back of plates followed, with "a marked decline in and little subsequent demand for" pea soup.

I extract from an old letter as follows:

"VALPARAISO, CHILE, May 13, 1849.

"(Madam Aubrey's Hotel, Calle de Flores.)

"Here, in this vale of Paradise, I sit down to address you again. After a long and tedious doubling of the Cape, we arrived here yesterday at 3 P.M. For the last eight days we had been within one hundred miles of the port, bucking head winds and tides; and we



Harbor of Valparaíso.

reached it just in time, too,—for the heavy ‘norther’ that sprung up last night would drive before it any vessel outside.

“It would do your eyes good to see the great bars of solid gold that are constantly—and apparently carelessly—carried through this city on the shoulders of porters. One bar—much larger than that of soap—is a full load for one man. They are from California; and you can imagine how we long to reach there, feeling that our very stop here is debarring our participation. The United States sloop-of-war Dale arrived here the day before us, from San Francisco. She brings gold and most cheering intelligence of increased quantities found. I have conversed with many of the officers, and gleaned from them much valuable information respecting the mines. They all had leave of absence; and one young ‘middy,’ sixteen years old, is said to have dug \$10,000 in two weeks. Everybody that can has left or is preparing to leave this place for California. The Sutton, Laura Virginia, Croton, and Mary Stuart have arrived here.”

Valparaiso was literally alive with Yankees *en route* for California when we landed. From Midshipman’s Row to El Mandrel they swarmed, indulging in every conceivable eccentricity, prodigality, and prank. As they were generally good-natured, and spending money freely, their humors were indulged by the inhabitants. It was the last port before entering San Francisco, where, Whittington-like, the gold could be picked up in the streets. What was the use of packing money there? Why not get rid of the loose coin

here, and start fresh with gold-dust, the California circulating medium?

I was dining with some friends in a private room at a restaurant. A knock was heard on the door, which opened wide enough to admit an unquestionably Anglo-Saxon head, uttering the one query, "Yankee Doodle?" We responded, "Yes; come in." In walked a gentleman, who, in an indescribably funny way, introduced himself as Dr. Johnston, a passenger on one of the American ships in port, and "flat broke." He said he had been obliged to dine out, at national expense, for the last three days. Of course, we invited him to join us; and a more witty, entertaining fellow I never met. He said he was by profession a Bohemian; but a fellow-passenger dying on his ship, he had bought his effects—a homœopathic book and a case of medicines,—and proposed to practice medicine in California. Hence his title. His medicines were harmless, and he engaged nature to make the cures.

Dr. Johnston was afterward quite a politician in San Francisco, and many of my readers may remember how near he came to hanging, on the occasion of making a speech to a crowd, chiefly of Irish Democrats, on

Portsmouth Plaza, in '51. "Who was the grandfather of Andrew Jackson—but an Irishman? [Hooray! hooray!] Who was it that built the great cities and churches in the East—but the Irishmen? [Hooray! hooray!] Who is it that builds your great public buildings, your almshouses, your State prisons—but the Irishmen? [Hooray!] And who is it that fills them—but the Irish? [Hooray!]" Just then, as Johnston slipped off the stand, it dawned upon the crowd that he was selling them. With a shout, they rushed after him down Clay Street and into a saloon that extended through the block to Merchant Street. Johnston had preceded the crowd sufficiently, however, to order the barkeeper to set out his glasses, as "the whole Hibernian Club were going to drink!" He then dodged through into Merchant Street and escaped.

A party of half a dozen men from our vessel—including the Hon. Caleb!—landed, decorated with blue ribbons around their hats and in their button-holes. They registered at the hotel as "The Hon. Caleb Lyons and his suite," and inflated immensely. Our fellow-passenger, George Vail, heretofore spoken of as a man of big intellect and body—a gentlemen in education and manners at all times,—

P——, and myself were the last two on board. He had requested me, on the night before, to call at his quarters for him in the morning.

The ship was to sail at eight. The gun was fired, and the welcome "anchor chorus" of our hearty crew rang out again. The last ship's boat, loading with the loitering passengers, reported that P—— was not yet on board. Jumping into a carriage, I started furiously for his late quarters, but happily met him — part of a curious party — on his way down to the *embarcadero*. Sandwiched between Bacchus and Venus (a demijohn on one arm and a pretty *señorita* on the other), a porter following behind, loaded with a multiplicity of things, they were leisurely sauntering along to the quay, while the *Tarolinta*, under steerage-way, was slowly getting up sail! Despite their remonstrances, P——, after many tender embraces, pathetic tears, and poetic apostrophies, was tumbled, with his goods and gods (save the fair *señorita*), into a fast four-oared boat, and, by a scratch, we reached the ship. *La Señorita hermosa* had, in an affecting little Spanish effusion, presented P—— with the mirror in which she dressed her hair, "where her face would ever appear to him"; with the *reboso*, so gracefully thrown about her

head, which would ever exale for him the perfume of her raven tresses he had so admired ; and lastly, with her poodle-dog—the poetical associations connected with which, owing to deficient Spanish, I failed to catch.

When the little group of waving handkerchiefs on the quay had grown dim, we were alongside the moving ship. A rope was thrown to us, and a rope ladder lowered over the side. Tying the *reboso* around him, and slinging the mirror over his back, the gallant P——, bidding me bring along the poodle, dashed up the swinging ladder, amid the cheers of the amused passengers, with whom he was a great favorite. Ever courteous and gentlemanly, P—— could not fail to recognize the compliment, and, forgetting the mirror, let go one hand to swing his hat, and the glass, with its sweet photographs, sank to the mermaids of the sea! For a while P—— was utterly inconsolable, but finally concentrated his affection upon the poodle. The animal was twenty times a day carefully wrapped up in the *reboso* and placed in his berth, only to be as often found, under unfavorable surroundings, in somebody else's bed! As to the fragrant associations between the *reboso* and the dark-eyed *señorita's* tresses, they were

quickly dispersed. "Poetry supplanted by a doggerel," as my friend DePeyster wittily said.

Gradually we neared and crossed the "line," receiving the customary visit from "Father Neptune." The god of the sea came over the ship's bows exactly as eight bells announced meridian. The possibility of a visit had been mentioned by the older salts, but few were prepared for the really startling scene that occurred. Neptune was gotten up most elaborately; amid great shouts from the passengers he scrambled from the chains over the bows, trident in hand. Clad in a bearskin suit dripping with salt water, his long gray beard tangled with green seaweed, he really did look like the veritable sea-god he announced himself! Through his trumpet he called for those who crossed the line for the first time, and commanded the old salts to bring them forth. A large tub and a pail of soapsuds were at once produced, and two parties—who had been inveigled forward for that purpose—were suddenly seized, thrust into the tub, and thoroughly lathered with a large paint-brush. Every time one of them opened his mouth to yell or remonstrate, the brush full of suds was poked into it. Then Neptune ordered them to be shaved, and they were scraped down with a

huge wooden razor, and finally released upon sending for a bottle of brandy in which to drink his godship's health. Fortunately for the victims, they were, like all of us, troubled with but little clothing under an equatorial sun.

To make our sufferings greater at this time, we were put on an allowance of water. To save a miserable pittance of a few dollars, our worthy commander had jeopardized our lives by failing to renew his water supply at Valparaiso. A short distance from that port, it was announced that the captain had calculated upon a certain number of casks of water—which, it was now discovered, had leaked out! The dastardly trifling with our lives was but in keeping with the man's character; but it came nigh creating a mutiny that might have terminated badly for him. Just when we most needed water, we were put upon an allowance of one quart for each man a day!

These patient passengers, who had paid three hundred and fifty dollars apiece for good fare and transportation to California, were obliged to stand in a line once a day, bottle in hand, waiting until their names were called, to receive their quota of stinking, ropy water! We were obliged to make it

effervesce with soda and acid to get it down, it was so nauseating! How we ever kept from "keelhauling" that old cheat of a captain I cannot, to this time, understand. Roll, roll,—it seemed as if we should roll our masts out upon that polished sea! The pitch oozed out of the deck-seams, while the wood and ironwork were too hot to place your hand upon. It was like the horrid miseries of "ye ancient mariner." Not a vessel—not a cloud, in sight; nothing but the pitiless, brassy sky above, and the unruffled, heaving sea beneath. Oh, for a gale—a rain-storm! How sweet in comparison seemed the fierce winds that went whistling through our ice-cased rigging off Cape Horn!

At last our prayers were heard by Pluvius, and over the glazed sea came a faint but welcome ripple, that seemed to greet us like a smiling hope! From the edge of the horizon, there came rapidly across the sky a cloud that grew larger and darker as it approached. Soon our idly flapping sails felt the freshening air and filled away. Then, with steerage-way, the glad keel was once more obediently turned northward amid a joyous shout from one hundred parched throats! The very waters seemed to seethe and whirl away from her

burning sides, as if rejoicing in the renewed activity of the elements. The soft, refreshing rain came down in torrents—breaking the wind in its force. Stripped to our buckskin suits, we danced about the deck and rigging. Every device was brought into use to catch the water for drinking and washing. The standing rigging was covered with clothes, while a hundred pairs of hands soaped and rubbed, wrung and hung, like a gigantic laundry. Several casks of water were caught by means of sails, and all apprehensions of a water-famine were at an end. After several hours of rain, it cleared up with a fair wind that sent us bowling along on our course to the north and west.

About this time, the brutality of our captain found another opportunity to exhibit itself. One of the colored sailors fell and broke one of the bones (ulna) of his fore-arm. He had the temerity to ask me to examine the fracture. After it was dressed in splints and sling, he reported to the captain when he came out of his stateroom. Although the man informed him that his arm had been examined and pronounced broken by both Dr. Phinney and myself, he damned the man for feigning injury, tore off the dressings, and

ordered him forward to duty! And it was only after Dr. Phinney and myself energetically interviewed the unfeeling old wretch, that he consented to the man's going off duty and under treatment.

Most of the ships going out to California — all with the number of passengers we carried — had a ship's surgeon on board, who, for his professional services rendered crew and passengers, in many instances, was well paid, in addition to his passage. Phinney and myself, thinking of nothing of the kind, made no such arrangement with the owners, who, after we took passage, offered as inducements for others to do so, the fact of "having doctors on the ship." Although we very soon realized it was sharp, mean treatment of us, no one suffered in consequence, as neither of us ever refused to attend mates, crew, or passengers. It would have served them right, had the ship been compelled to pay well for the medical attendance furnished. There is a satisfaction in ventilating such meanness — even twenty-nine years after.

The moonlight nights on the Pacific are exceedingly beautiful. All through the tropics — on both oceans — I slept on deck. Time and again, as I lay with the full moon shin-

ing broadly in my face, some good-hearted, superstitious sailor would awaken me with a "Beg pardon, sir; but the moon will twist your face if you sleep with it on you." Yet, in answer to my many inquiries, none had ever seen such results, but had "heard of a case."

And yet the firm belief of the ignorant sailor in the strange influences of the moon were but natural. We gaze upon that orb—cold, changeful, mysterious—that for thousands of years has so strangely influenced this planet and every living thing upon it, and still fail to comprehend its power. Still science is groping for the solution.

In the absence of the moon, it was almost difficult to determine which was the more brilliant, the heavens or the ocean. The stars seem to come nearer to you on the Pacific, while the waves are teeming with phosphorescent life. The vessel appeared plunging through a sea of fire; her sharp bow divided the wave crests into long lines of iridescent gleams, blue, green, and purple, with myriads of sparkling anemones flashed in spangled trains down the foamy wake. Lying silent and alone upon the starlit sea, searching with aching eyes to look into eternal space,

realizing the infinite majesty of creation, and in comparison the insignificant day-life of man, well may we ask ourselves, Can He who created and maintained all this do more than assign us to the evolution of great established principles? Will He, personally, hear our prayers—number the hairs upon our heads? Do we not arrogate to ourselves too much importance?

“Latitude 12 deg. north of the equator, and still we are bounding along, with the fairest of winds upon our quarter. If this continues, we shall make a quick trip from Chile to California. All are hopeful and happy.”

So reads an extract from an old letter. I was joyous, fresh, and crisp when it was indited by a young, careless hand twenty-nine years ago. The same hand unfolds it now, for the first time in nearly a third of a century. “All are hopeful and happy!” How truthfully the letter spoke. A band of young and enterprising men, impatient and eager for the unparalleled adventures promising in the future; rapidly nearing the golden goal of their long and tedious race; almost in sight of the “promised land,” with health and strength, and bright anticipations,—why should they not be “hopeful and happy”?

Louder, more vigorous than ever, rang out

the chorus of our negro-minstrel band, as all joined in —

“Oh, Susannah! don't you cry for me;—

I 's gwine to California, with my washbowl on
my knee!”

The choral discords would have disconcerted even the lachrymose Susannah, had she occupied the place of the possible washbowl. The accordeon-man recalled himself, and encored his one tune; while the fourth-rate fiddlers, who had all been suppressed early in the trip, boldly sawed away again, rushing out sharps and flats in shrieking cadences.

Day by day our amiability increased. We even began to think that there might be meaner men in the world than our commander. Heretofore, all who quarreled were required to step into a rope ring on Saturday afternoon, and fight it out before referees. Now there were no difficulties to arbitrate. Another barrel of dried peas had been discovered in the hold, and the Captain ordered an extra allowance of raisins in our plum duff. It took but little then to make us hopeful and happy. We were busy now. Those who were not already associated formed companies, partnerships, or companionships for working in the mines. Some had brought along their

small boats, in which they were to sail up the California bays and rivers direct to the mines. Others were building scow-boats out of lumber bought at Valparaiso. All were making or airing their tents and clothing; and testing "pepper-pot" revolvers, that were to do formidable execution in the wilds.

About latitude 17° north, we experienced a very heavy gale, but still managed to run nearly on our course. July 1st, we sighted land toward afternoon, and our cautious captain at once headed her off for the west. Next morning we pointed for the east again, sighting land toward afternoon, when the ship was again run off shore—beyond the Farallone Islands.

This exceeding caution was becoming so unbearable, that those passengers having boats were thinking to launch them to row into port—for we had neared the land close enough to make out the Golden Gate—when, at last, on the morning of July 6th, our bold captain sailed across the bar, before the wind, and anchored off Clark's Point. Near us lay the Greyhound, the Grey Eagle, and the Architect. Mr William Coddington, to be the first man in California from our ship, got out on the extremity of the bowsprit. We were

forty-nine days from Valparaiso, and one hundred and seventy-four days from New York. The light rowboats of the passengers were into the water before her headway was stopped. I was one of the first to land — into mud thigh-deep — on the shore, at a spot near the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets.

Up the hill we ran for the Post Office — then a little wooden cottage house about the corner of Clay and Dupont Streets. There should be letters there for us by the Isthmus steamers. We didn't stop to scrape off the welcome mud — it felt so good to come in contact with soil again in any shape. The letters were there, and our happiness made complete. Remember, we had heard nothing from home for nearly six months. Then a party of us went to a restaurant and ordered the best dinner obtainable, and over it endeavored to realize that the long voyage was at an end, and we at last had reached the "golden goal."

We had encountered some discomforts, illness, vexations, and delays; but when, at four bells exactly on the afternoon of July 6, 1849, the staunch ship *Tarolinta* dropped her

anchor off Clark's (North) Point, to the roll-call one and all could answer, "Here, and well!" In the happy-heartedness of the hour all the little enmities and misunderstandings of our shipboard association were wiped out with friendly congratulations and farewells! It seemed like again leaving home to part with the loyal old craft that had borne us so safely and so far. We had heard the ice-floes of the South Pole vainly crash against her sturdy oaken ribs; we had seen her tall masts quiver and bend beneath the "temporals" of the tropics; we knew the key-note of every line in her standing rigging, as, *Æolian*-like, it had sung or shrieked its weird wail to the winds. Our eyes and hearts were full, as we at last left the good old ship. The many little stateroom ornaments and conveniences—the porous water-cooler, ship-chair, and hammock,—shall we leave them or take them with us?

It all seems childish now—but only those who have safely terminated a long sea-voyage can understand the breaking up of shipboard ties. Trunks were repacked, to be left on storage while we went to the mines. Our best clothes, white shirts, pocket Bibles, and daguerrotypes went to the bottom; while pepper-pot revolvers, red flannel shirts, and

long-legged boots came to the top. That prince of hosts, Knight of Sacramento City, — he whose sign, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks," has gladdened many a weary miner's heart — could best tell how many trunks were redeemed a year after. Old partnerships and mining companies were dissolved and new ones formed. Long legal contracts and obligations uselessly encumbered the associations formed in the East. Six months of intercourse at sea best developed congenialities and friendships. The ill-natured, lazy, or mean were dropped, and in pairs or small parties the more active combined for mining or other business.

On the day following our anchoring in this port, the entire officers and crew of our ship deserted in a body. It almost seemed in retribution for the many mean things said and done to them and to us by the captain. But it left us as well in an awkward position. Our noble captain swore, with many a briny oath, that he would never pay the then current rate of wages asked for stevedoring, viz: one dollar an hour. If the passengers wanted their goods, they must themselves unload the ship. At last he agreed to pay

the passengers one-half those rates for the service, and the ship was speedily discharged. The crew had during the voyage managed to smuggle into the forecastle a lot of canvas, which, during their off watches, they had made into a large tent, to use in the mines. This and a few stolen stores were about all they took with them — for they forfeited their pay by deserting. The owners, consequently, gained greatly by their leaving; and it was more than suspected that our worthy skipper was desirous of effecting just what occurred.

Our large company tent was quickly erected in the then rapidly growing canvas city yclept "Happy Valley," lying upon the sandy beach of Rincon Cove. This association — "The Albany and California Mining and Trading Company" — I had joined but a few days before we sailed from New York. It was composed of seventeen men, comprising artisans, agriculturists, artists, a geologist, and a doctor, and was heavily officered. We each contributed equally in creating a capital — judiciously expended in the purchase of everything conceivable in a country-postoffice grocery. There was a formidable-looking constitution and by-laws, three yards long, bearing a sworn official seal that looked like

the rising sun; a capacious cooking-stove, cast in Albany, and bearing the company's magnificent monogram upon every pot-lid and poker; a barrel of saleratus, a patent mining machine, a wooden churn, and a clothes mangle; seeds, plows, sadirons, and a large assortment of hardware. From the sale of these—chiefly from the saleratus, stove, and boats,—we realized a handsome sum, doubling our original investment.

Saleratus was worth about sixteen dollars a pound; "drinks, fifty cents each."

The stove was bought by my old New York friend, Dr. Arthur B. Stout, surgeon of the first steamship of the now Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Dr. Stout then had a large private hospital on Washington Street. He was the only permanent physician at that time in San Francisco, and was rapidly making money.

Our carpenters put together the large scows we brought in sections. These proved very valuable in lightering ashore not only the cargo of our ship, but those of very many others. With members of our company as crews, they earned several hundred dollars before being sold for a large sum. Our small

schooner-scow, completed,—brought also from New York in pieces,—sold for a great price.

We were all good and affectionate ; but we had been so long together on the water that we concluded it best not to test our amiability too far by sailing up the Sacramento in the schooner, as was originally intended. David Hawley, one of our passengers, and, when we providently decided to dissolve, our arbitrator in settling up our company affairs, bought our hardware, agricultural implements, etc., and opened a store in San Francisco. His descendants are still in the hardware business here. After many days, the large company tent was sold for a gambling-saloon. The flaunting flag of the company was hauled down, the final division of funds was made, and the members of the great Albany and California Mining and Trading Company parted — few ever to meet again.

It was during our encampment in Happy Valley that the first Vigilance Committee formed. About July 10th, I, with a companion, was plodding over the sandhills separating the valley from the city. Just ahead of us, going in the same direction, was another passenger. Directly, a singular party, of a

dozen or twenty men, appeared, coming from the city. Some had on portions of soldier-clothes, and all were armed. They had a drum and fife, and were apparently intoxicated. When they met the man in front of us, they choked and kicked him, and finally threw him down the sandbank! As this did not seem auspicious for our reception, we quickly made a detour around the hills, and reached the city Plaza through the back ravines and brush. Here we found great excitement existing. Several of our passengers, myself included, armed and united with the citizens in that affair.

The old maps of San Francisco show the survey of the city as extending south to Market Street only. In the summer of '49, the houses and stores were chiefly upon the blocks lying between Portsmouth Square and Clark's Point. Commercial Street was the first extended out into the bay, and was called Long Wharf. There the steamer passengers were for some time landed. Our fellow-passengers, William S. O'Brien and William C. Hoff, were partners there in the ship-chandlery business. Joe Eldridge, the genial and popular auctioneer, there drew

his first audience, selling the first article he offered to the writer.

Of course, there were no paved streets then, and the thoroughfares were muddy and cut up fearfully during the severe winter. Tobacco was so largely shipped here on speculation that it would not pay to store it. Much of it was spoiled in transit, and much more by exposure to the rains. Hundreds of boxes of the spoiled weed were thrown out into the street, and used by passers as stepping-stones.

After dark it was almost impossible to avoid stepping upon the swarms of rats. Cats brought an ounce apiece! A second Whittington, in the guise of the captain of a Chile bark, disposed of a small invoice very rapidly at that figure. Strangely enough, all of these Spanish cats had twisted or broken tails, and introduced that feline physical peculiarity still found among the cats here! Query: Are Chile cats' tails disjointed by shivering in fur-rin parts? And yet these were *retailed*!

Many of the old ships were dismantled, housed in, moored permanently close in shore at full-tide, and converted into storehouses. Few have moved since. Only a week since the press reported an old unknown hulk in

the line of a street sewer quite up-town. Many of the memorable old oaken ships of the world converged here—seeking the “golden goal.” Nearly all are buried on our shore.

The ship *Cadmus*, that brought the Marquis-General Lafayette to America, was broken up in this port. She was built some time in the seventeenth century, and yet was quite sound in her frame timbers. The Brooklyn, the *Niantic*, and many other old crafts lie sleeping deep in the mud below the now city grades.

Guarded each by a single keeper only, a fleet of noble vessels lay idly at anchor in this harbor during that year. Graceful as yachts among the old square hulls, rode such fine clipper-ships as the *Grey Eagle*, the *Architect*, and the *Greyhound*. Occasionally, some daring captain or owner would leave under short sail, and with three or four men, to pick up a crew at the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, or South America.

Restaurants and hotels were numerous. The first were remarkably good for a new country; and it was surprising how elegant a dinner or breakfast could be obtained. The hotels were—questionable. “B flats,” the size

of a sadiron, overran every bedstead and cot, saying nothing of another parasite unnamed to polite ears!

Every hotel, restaurant, auction and gambling-house in San Francisco in 1849 had a fiend employed to ring a great bell, or more infernal gong, in front of its door. The din at meal times and in the evening was almost unbearable. Later, a municipal ordinance stopped the maddening clatter.

Let me recall an evening scene in these exciting days. Turn the corner, and step into the old Parker House, and you with difficulty convince yourself you are in America—in so new and so distant a country! In a lofty saloon, fifty by one hundred feet, you find a convention of the world's people, strangely attired and more strangely occupied. The walls are handsomely papered; rich, massive chandeliers hang from the ceiling, throwing from their many cut-glass astral lamps a flood of light upon the bewildering scene. A band of superior musicians are playing at one end of the saloon; while a magnificent bar, glittering with burnished metal, wood, and glass, is again and again reproduced by the many high mirrors on every side. Billiard-tables are in the center, while ranged around the room are

games of every kind. At the roulette-table, the *rouge-et-noir*, and others of mere chance, are gathered the greatest throng. Beautiful women, chiefly French and Spanish, richly decked in dress and jewels, sit behind the table with the dealers. "Make your game! All set! Roll! The red wins! The black loses!" And the lynx-eyed *croupier* rakes in the coin and dust. Faro, monte, *vingt-et-un*, and a dozen others bid for your money. Long lines of men are drinking there. The air is thick with tobacco-smoke and the fumes of liquor. There is a confusing jargon of sounds—the clashing of glasses and jingling of coin; the calls of the dealers; the click of the billiard-balls; the popping of corks; the hum of human voices; and, above all, the ringing tones of bugle, harp, and viol. Nearly every man is dressed in flannel shirt and long boots, while at his waist or in his boots he carries knife and pistols. The dealers are much better dressed. Upon the inner ledge of the table, just under the dealer's hand, lies a brace of pistols. Slouched hats generally prevail. There are many Mexicans and natives, in their rich national dress of slashed leather pants, with silver buttons and embroidery down the outer side of the leg; a short jacket, similarly ornamented, coming

down to the sash gracefully wound round the waist, and holding the long knife; the broad Peruvian hat and the great jingling spurs complete the costume. Monte is the favorite game. The "Kanakan"—just returned from the mines—dashes down his buckskin bag of gold on the "Jack-Jack-and-a-Jack" game. Few win; all lose! But there is very good-nature, and none seem to complain. Hark! Bang, bang! goes a pistol! It is at the monte-table. The crowd presses together there, then suddenly opens as the proprietors superintend the carrying out of a limp figure. He attempted to withdraw his money after betting, and the dealer shot him. That was all. "On with the dance!"

The old cemetery was at the north end of Stockton Street. There are still some of the signs of graves remaining. Cases of adipocere were said to have been found there upon removing the bodies years after.

The gambling-houses were everywhere, and going night and day, but the "Parker" was the most magnificent. For those who had no stores there was no place in which to pass the long evenings except the saloons. Free lunches were bounteous banquets, and "drinks

fifty cents each"! The genus bummer existed at that early day, and none went hungry. If a man by the roadside was ill, or met with an accident, some stranger would mount a box, and, appealing to "the crowd," pass around his hat and obtain enough to pay the sufferer's board and lodging for a month, or perhaps pay his fare back East.

Pearson, of Troy, N. Y., a talented lawyer, and a courteous gentleman ever, was among the first called by death from the Tarolinta's passenger list. George Vail followed shortly after. He was a general favorite, but none could keep him from self-destruction. As his family was very wealthy, and as he was the only son, the body was preserved in a cask of brandy, stored in a warehouse. His family was several times notified of the fact, but never replied nor desired the body shipped home. In the first great fire the warehouse was burned with its contents, including the remains of our esteemed friend Vail.

The arrival of the Isthmus steamer every month was the great event in those days. When the uncouth giant arms of the wooden telegraph, upon the summit of Telegraph Hill, began to fling themselves about, the word ran

from street to street, "The steamer's coming in!" Then a stream of humanity poured down Long Wharf, and eagerly sought for friends among the new-comers. Hours before the mails reached the Post Office, lines blocks long of men were formed from the delivery windows. Places were sold therein, at high prices sometimes. Eastern newspapers brought a dollar apiece. The Government postage on a letter amounted to about twenty cents.

The following is an alphabetically arranged list of passengers of the ship *Tarolinta*, correct as to former and present [1878] residence or condition, so far only as the memory or knowledge of the remaining little band of a dozen upon this coast extends. The "*Tarolinta Association*" numbered eight old members at its anniversary celebration, on July 6, 1878; but descendants of its members are numerous and promise to perpetuate it.

AUSTIN, J. P., Albany, N. Y.

BRUNDAGE, E. T., New Jersey, artist. Now in Newark, N. J.

BROOKS, JOHN W., Albany, N. Y. For many years of the firm of Tay, Brooks & Bachus; now living in Oakland, Cal.

BARR, J. C., New York. Dead (?).

BARR, WILLIAM, New York.

- BURROUGHS, CHAS. W., carpenter. Dead (?).
- BRYANT, G. W., Albany, N. Y. Living in Carson, Nev.; employed in the United States Mint.
- BUNCE, J. M., New York.
- BROWN, RICHARD, New York. Miner at Camptonville, Cal.
- BLACKETT, W. G., New York.
- BENNING, A.
- O'BRIEN, WILLIAM S., New York. Of the late firm of Flood & O'Brien; died on May 2, 1878, in San Francisco.
- BALDWIN, M., New Jersey, jeweler. Living in Alameda, Cal.
- COX, WILLIAM, New York. Dead.
- CHAPMAN, CHARLES E., New York.
- CONANT, P. E.
- COOK, W. B., Albany, N. Y. Stationer in San Francisco; dead.
- CORNELL, JOHN H., Flushing, L. I.
- CONRAD, M., New York.
- CODDINGTON, WILLIAM, New York, capitalist. San Francisco.
- COX, HARRY F., New York.
- COX, G. W., New York.
- COOK, D. B., New York. Died in California in 1849.
- CIPRICO, AUGUST, New York, carpenter.
- DEVUE, JAMES M., New York, printer.
- DODD, D. W., New Jersey.
- DEMITT, A. P.
- FORD, WILLIAM S., New York, miner.
- DEPEYSTER, NICHOLAS, New York, capitalist. Now living in New York.
- FRANKLYN, E., Albany, N. Y.

GRANT, J. D., Troy, N. Y.

GIBBS, S., New York.

GILBERT, GEORGE, New York.

HALSEY, P. S., New Jersey.

HOCKMAN, RICHARD, New York, druggist. Angel's Camp, Cal.

HUBBELL, A.

HOWELL, JOSEPH L., Long Island, stationer. San Francisco.

HEMPSTEAD, B., Long Island, N. Y.

HUNT, PAT., New York. Kept livery stable in San Francisco; dead.

HIGGINS, T. A., New York.

HOGABONE, W. G.

HOWE, P. L., Albany, N. Y.

HOFF, WM. C., New York. Real estate operator of Mission Dolores, San Francisco; member of California Legislature; dead.

HYATT, JOHN, New York. Died in early days.

HYATT, EUGENE. Now in New York Post Office.

JENKINS, BOB, Albany, N. Y. Now in New York.

JEROME, FRED., England. Boatman in San Francisco. "Hero of the Ocean Monarch."

KEELER, R.

LIVINGSTONE, FRANK, New York. Now in New York.

LYONS, CALEB, Lyonsdale, N. Y. Assistant Secretary of the first Constitutional Convention of California, and Governor of Idaho; dead.

LAWRENCE, JAMES P., New York, printer. Dead.

LOWERE, S. W.

LOCK, J. B., Troy, N. Y.

LANGDON, CAPT. GEORGE, New York. Justice of the Peace in Benicia in early days; dead.

LAUNDERGAN, J.

MUNSON, ALONZO, New York. Judge in Sacramento and San Francisco; now in New York.

MILNE, DAVID N. Auctioneer in Sacramento and San Francisco; dead.

MONAHAN, J., Albany, N. Y.

MUNSELL, HARRISON, Albany, N. Y. Died on the American River, January, 1850.

McINTOSH, GEORGE, Connecticut. Dead.

MILLER, NATHANIEL, Long Island, N. Y.

McNEVIN, A. C.

MOREHOUSE, GEORGE T., Albany, N. Y.

MILLAND, S., miner. An extensive prospector.

NOAH, TIM. C. and W. B., Albany, N. Y. Nephews of ex-Secretary of State Wm. L. Marcy.

NOYSE, J. V. H., Albany, N. Y.

NORCROSS, DANIEL, Philadelphia. Now in San Francisco; regalias, etc., Masonic Temple.

NELSON, S.

NEWMAN, J., New York. Died on June 26, 1856, at Angel's Camp, Cal.

POWERS, R. J., New York.

PAYNTER, W. P.

PEARSON, S. D., Troy, N. Y., lawyer. Died in San Francisco in 1849.

H. L. PEARSON, New York.

PAUL, J. L., New York.

PHINNEY, DR. JOEL B., New York. Died at Granada, Nicaragua, in 1856.

PROPER, WILLIAM, New York.

QUACKENBOSS, —, Albany, N. Y.

RAVELYEA, ISAAC. Now in New York.

RICHARDS, J. Now in New York.

ROWLEY, F., New York.

RYDER, P. F., Connecticut.

RYDER, D. N., Connecticut.

SMITH, W. OSCAR, New York. Now at Salt Lake.

STEVENSON, AMASA, Albany, N. Y.

STERLING, J. W., Connecticut.

STERLING, D., Connecticut.

STERLING, ROBT. W., Connecticut. Now in Napa;
banker.

SCHELL, A., Albany. Now at Knight's Ferry.

SHARKEY, WILLIAM. Now editor Chico "News."

STEVENSON, SAMUEL, Albany, N. Y.

SMITH, ED. C., Albany, N. Y.

STOREY, R., Albany, N. Y.

SOUTHARD, T., Long Island, N. Y.

STEVENSON, S. P. Dead.

SHORT, JOHN, New York. Now Captain of Police in
San Francisco.

SHORT, WILLIAM, New York. Now in New Jersey.

TUCKER, DR. J. C., New York. Now in San Francisco.

THORP, JAMES H., Long Island, N. Y.

TRUAX, ED. D., Troy, N. Y. Now in New York.

THOMPSON, —, Albany, N. Y. Now in California.

TARBOSS, WILLIAM, Troy, N. Y.

TYLER, S. J., Albany, N. Y.

THORP, W. T.

VAIL, GEORGE P., Troy, N. Y. Died in 1849 in San
Francisco; remains preserved in brandy cask, and
burned in first great fire.

WHEELER, GEORGE W., Connecticut.

WINCHESTER, J., New York. Now an editor in Cal-
ifornia.

WENTWORTH, NATHANIEL, New York. Now a merchant in San Francisco.

WARD, C. S., New York.

WILLIAMS, J.

Nearly all of the above names "have done the state some service." In the political and legislative councils; upon the judicial seat; wielding the editorial pen; developing vast mining resources; upon the commercial mart; in the fields of humanity, science, exploration, and invention,—everywhere have the passengers of the *Tarolinta* been found honorably and honestly toiling—still toiling onward to the Golden Goal. Honors have fallen upon many—wealth upon few. The remarkable fortune of our late companion, William S. O'Brien, is the exception. Warm-hearted and unchanged by his acquisition of millions, he ever took pleasure in meeting his *compagnons de voyage*, and in recalling the incidents and friendships of our trip. None among those upon whom fortune smiled had a heartier hand and word for his fellow-passengers than the late William C. Hoff. In many instances, he more materially aided them when overtaken by calamity or sickness. The memory of that noble old Roman lives ever green in the hearts of the few survivors. The blight of

dishonor, crime, or fraud has never fallen upon a single name of the list; and the many descendants of the Tarolinta Pioneers may proudly perpetuate the association of that name, as they continue to fly the ship's checkered flag on the occasions of the anniversary of July 6, 1849.





Up the Sacramento.

THE DAYS OF GOLD.



THE DAYS OF GOLD.

THE New York and California Mining and Trading Company's flag flew for the last time above its great tent in "Happy Valley," San Francisco, on the evening of July 15, 1849.

All of the property of the association had been speedily and profitably disposed of, except that which nobody cared to buy—plows and seeds; so Mr. David Hawley, who adjusted the settlement of our company's affairs, took them, along with the sadirons and Eastern mining machinery of impracticable device, as part stock of the hardware store he intended opening. Then the seventeen members of the defunct company, for the first, last, and only time, metaphorically kissed, shook hands, and went their several ways rejoicing.

The Mineralogist, Carpenter, Farmer, and Doctor of the disintegrated corporation started together for the mines. There were no steamboats at that early day, and we took deck passage on the little schooner Olivia, bound for the "Embarcadero at Sutter's Fort" (now

Sacramento City). The little vessel was but seventy-five feet long, with a cabin ten by ten. Deep with freight, she also carried seventy passengers on deck, who were only too glad of the opportunity of going at sixteen dollars apiece, furnishing their own blankets and food.

Not a man on board had ever been up the route before. We had neither chart nor map. All we knew was what a drunken sailor-miner—who came down from the mines in a small boat—called out to our captain: "Keep a northeasterly course!" At sundown, we were in the entrance to Carquinez Straits and Napa Creek, undecided which to take. And just there—on the bar—with a strong wind and counter-tide making a choppy sea, the deep-water captain anchored in midstream. All night long we sat or stood upon the heaving deck of the little swell-washed craft, drenched to the skin. We were too crowded and cold to move about or sleep, and wearily welcomed the windless morning and warming sun.

The second night found us anchored inside the mouth of the Sacramento River. There the conditions of the previous night were reversed—for it was warm and calm. But no sooner had the wind subsided than the mosquitoes enveloped us in a cloud. Scarcely

a man on board could open his eyes in the morning; while every face, except a darky's, was distorted by swelling. Two more nights of misery we passed upon the river, reaching the "Embarcadero," three miles above Sutterville—then quite a town,—on the fourth day after leaving San Francisco. There we pitched our tent upon the bank, at the confluence of the American and Sacramento Rivers.

Sacramento City at that time was gay with tents and canvas houses, in which music, gambling, drinking, and indiscriminate shooting were the chief entertainments. There was but one wooden building—a one-story storehouse,—owned by Sam Brannan, at the foot of I Street. It was filled with miners' trunks, left at a storage charge of several dollars each a month. The frame storehouse had this monopoly, until a certain Yankee, named Knight, built a two-story hotel, bearing the unique sign, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks."

Learning that Stewart's fast mule train—the first across the plains—had just arrived at Sutter's Fort and would sell mules, the Geologist and myself walked the three miles out to the fort to buy an unknown quality of

mule. Now, be it known that in those days but few of these interesting animals found their way north of Mason and Dixon's line; hence none of our party had ever seen one in New York. In a traveling circus, the Farmer had seen an educated ass (quadruped), and competently explained the miscegenation of mule pedigree; but none of us had ever interviewed that long-eared prodigy that "has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity." Considering how very small, lean, and sore-backed the weak-looking animals were, one hundred dollars apiece seemed to us very exorbitant.

The Geologist knew all about horses; but while too curiously inspecting a chafed spot upon the rump of a little rat-tailed, white-eyed mule, he suddenly found both hind feet of the brute in his lap. Like a sedimentary deposit,

"He curled upon the floor;
And the subsequent proceedings interested him
no more."

The Geologist was paunchy, and hard hit in two tender places—his stomach and pride. He would neither examine nor negotiate further. I might do as I pleased.

Meanwhile, all of the mules, excepting the white-eyed Jezebel and three others, were sold.

For these the owner now raised his price to one hundred and fifty dollars each. We were obliged to have two pack-mules at any price; so, out of consideration for the feelings of the Geologist, I omitted the evil-eyed kicker from the purchase.

Sleep that night renewed the confidence the Geologist had in his knowledge of horseflesh. Early the next morning, he and I undertook to show off our superior intimacy with mules. But I observed that in grooming his animal the Geologist never got behind; he always went around "the peaked end of the critter." He had already named the pot-bellied Beelzebub "Nellie," after a pet mare at home. While, with kindly reminiscences, he rubbed the animal down,—doubtless, to her an entirely novel attention,—he indulged in gently murmured terms of endearment that evinced a growing affection on his part—alas! only too misplaced and short-lived. An unseen and tender chafe, made by the cinch of the pack-saddle, was unhappily touched by the stooping Geologist, who, fearing only the animal's hind feet, was ever "looking backward." His broad back presented to the vicious brute an opportunity that she seized with her teeth, and with a middle lift took the Geologist off

his feet. This rupture of friendship and pantaloons was a rending and lasting breach between the Geologist and his mule. He never looked that mule in the face again, lest he should slay her, he sadly said, while his poses and reposes for a week after were simply lateral contortions. The Farmer more successfully succeeded the Geologist in the care of that vicious beast. My mule was a rough-haired, long-legged animal, whose eye always met mine when within kicking distance. My time was yet to come.

The next morning we struck camp. My mule's load consisted of two fifty-pound sacks of flour and one of barley on top, with all of the tinware—kettles, frying-pan, etc.—tied on. The beast stood like a Centaur, while, with the greatest care, I gently adjusted the saddle-blanket, pack-saddle, and load. I did not want to hurt him by cinching up too tightly; so I tied on all of the tinware on top, the while only half-concealing the sense of superior tact which I felt was mine. The last knot was bent in the lashing; casting off the halter, I had, with the manner of a veteran *vaquero*, exclaimed, "I'm ready!"—when the circus commenced. Suddenly my mule shook himself with a vigor that, originating

at his nose, vibrated, like an earthquake, to his stiffened tail. He turned the entire saddle-load and tinware under his belly. Then, jumping stiff-legged a few bounds, he commenced kicking. Away went the battered pans, amid clouds of flour! I hung on to the halter until Mr. Mule stood upon his hind legs, boxing out for my head with his front hoofs, and rushed me over the rope. Then he lit across the country, out of sight. By the trail of barley, flour, and family plate, we had no difficulty in finally recovering the brute. He was slowly returning on his trail of feed, eating it. He did not believe in deck cargoes.

Then it was that I fully appreciated the stern, seated animosity of the Geologist. The next morning that mule had his head tied up in a bag, while his feet were hobbled both before and behind. I had reached this triumph of mind over matter, preparatory to repacking, when I noticed a man sitting on a stump near by, picking his teeth with an immense pocket-knife. Of questionable age, dressed in Missouri "butternut-colored" homespun clothing, his lean figure was at least six and one-half feet long.

"Stranger, I reckon you'd like to get shut of that 'ere beast?" he said.

"I'd like to shoot him, if that's what you mean," I unamiably replied.

"I reckon you're a Yank?" from him.

"I reckon I'm not; New Yorkers call only New Englanders Yankees."

"Stranger, let me pack that 'ere critter for you, onc'st. I was raised on a Missoura mule-farm."

"If you will, I'll be eternally obliged to you," I replied.

Then the butternut-colored borderman slowly rose, closed his great clasp-knife, and recklessly casting off the hobbles, head-bag, and halter, roughly adjusted the saddle upon the animal's back. Placing a great No. 12 cowhide boot against its ribs, and throwing his whole weight backward upon the other leg, he suddenly drew down the cinch-lacing until the rings nearly met.

Simply uttering an "Ah, ha!" of recognition of his butternut conqueror from the border State, the brute braced out his four legs and quietly submitted to the skillful loading and lashing of the man from "Pike County, Missoura." I traded an extra bowie-knife for a butternut shirt, and ever after was master of the situation — where bossing of mules was concerned.



Section of a Pack-Train.

The reader who has never had border experiences, especially in earlier days, may think undue prominence and space are here given to that sagacious animal—the mule. But faithful and enduring as is the horse, he utterly fails, body and spirit, alongside the patient, sturdy little mule, which ever exhibits the slender strength and calm self-care derived from his paternal side, combined with an intelligence even superior to that of the maternal. It is said there are one million five hundred thousand mules in the United States—the largest population of that class of animal in any country on the globe. Spain comes next, with one million three hundred thousand.

The mule is a hybrid—the offspring of the jackass and the female horse. They are singularly superior to the offspring of the male horse and the female ass. Magnificent mules—tall, symmetrical, enduring, intelligent, the finest in the world,—are found in Spain and Italy, especially around the Mediterranean Sea. In Spanish-America, also, they are widely bred and used. For long saddle-journeys, their easy-pacing gait is much preferred.

The use of asses is lost in the obscurity of ancient history, as is that of the hybrid mule.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem upon an ass, the Bible tells us; while other history speaks of the use of the mule for chariot, war, or saddle service. They were invaluable in transportation use during the War of the Rebellion. As in the case of crossing human race-blood, ethnology tells us, between the Ethiopian and the Caucasian, the product—the beautiful octoroon—is generally a barren woman; so nature in the equine animal seems to have set her seal at the mule line. In every way superior to either of her progenitors, the female mule rarely produces offspring. It is said that but three instances of colts from that source have been known in the United States.

In Spain—and throughout the Spanish-American countries lying across the great range of the Cordilleras—there are few wagon-roads, and transportation is by means of large *caviatas*, or pack-trains. By the *arrieros*, or muleteers, it is asserted that these great strings, sometimes of hundreds, led by the most sagacious, or bell-mule, display intelligent concert of action almost beyond belief. In places of danger, especially after dark, the leading mules throw their ears forward, to catch sounds ahead; those in the center of the line direct

their ears outward, to detect "side issues"; while the rear animals drop their ears backward. Upon reaching camp, by a word from the *patron*, the bell-mule is halted, while half the line pass him and stop. At the order, the mules at the two ends of the line advance until they form a semicircle, with the bell-mule at the concavity. There they patiently stand until the great curved pack-saddles are taken off and placed upon the ground, constituting a sort of corral, or barricade. When driven in for the morning start onward, the mule whose eyes and nose do not guide him to his own pack speedily feels the cruel lash of the muleteer. Jim McCue, the great horse-doctor and rancher near San Rafael, says "a mule knows more in a minute than a horse does in a day."

But this dissertation upon mules has led me from the narrative of our trip to the mines. We four trudged onward on foot, driving before us our two pack animals up the American River trail, past Lindsdorff Ranch and Hangtown, until we reached our objective point, Sutter's Mill, the place where gold was first discovered. The preceding winter of '48 had been unusually dry, they told us; and

judging from the parched and embrowned hills and plains, we could well believe it. Remembering what Bryant, Frémont, and others had written of "the flower-clad plains of California," we condemned those accounts as unconscionable departures from all veracity; but the succeeding spring, with its boundless glory of verdure and flowers, gave us a realization of the peculiar seasons of the Pacific Coast. Unlike the fine wagon-roads that, graded with easy ascent, now go winding over the mountain steppes and opens of the Sierras, were the mule-trails we then followed through the cañons and gorges of the foothills and mountains.

We were leaving the brown, sun-dried hills behind and climbing to the higher altitude, following most of the time some water-course, through deep, darkened ravines; now fording and wading, then pushing aside the fragrant bay and laurel undergrowth, or clipping away obtruding pines that exhaled sweet, resinous odors in reproachful protest; starting up deer, coyotes, and small game at every turn; camping at bright, bubbling springs and singing streams; sleeping beside camp-fires of great fallen trees, on beds of sun-dried mountain grass, a last sleepy look, caught by some

swiftly gleaming meteor, glancing downward from the starry, azure canopy above us. Young, strong, and buoyant, with no earthly care or pain, we tramped onward to that gilded future we believed so surely awaiting us beyond. To us then there was no such thing as fail. Life's path to riches and power was before us — upward and onward, — *Excelsior!* What if our feet grew weary and sore? — the exhilarating mountain air gave vitality to hearts filled with visions brighter than rainbow hues, happier than childhood's fairy dreams, dauntless as the deer that dashed across our path. Oh, for one volt of the irrepressible electricity that then went surging through our happy hearts! — for one day of the sunny weeks we wandered, careless and graceless, through those mountain glades of gold, where no shadows, save those through smiling foliage, fell upon our upward path!

In youth we look forward; in old age, backward. The lights and shadows upon life's downward trail are deeper-hued than the glinting sun and shifting shade that checkered our young road. We have wakened from the gilded dreams. The flowers have faded, and the song-birds are hushed. More somber grow the shadows, more subdued the lights,

as years dim and dwarf the vivid visions fading into bitter griefs, the darkened memories intervening. Bright Youth, with his triple crown of freedom, health, and hope, unconsciously gleans all there is of pure happiness in life—yet yearns for something more, unknown and unattainable!

SEARCHING FOR GOLD LAKE.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD LAKE.

A QUARTET of men — part of a disintegrated Eastern mining company, — we had steadily worked our claim upon the south fork of the American River during the entire summer of '49. Each night the scales were brought out, and by the light of our camp-fire was divided a remarkably regular average of an ounce and a half of gold-dust to the man. No one knew or asked where the other hid his sack.

I was the youngest, and perhaps the most restless, of the party, — for with the first rain, early in November, I bequeathed my quarter interest in the claim to my comrades and sought Sacramento City.

There, although successful in making money still more rapidly in my profession, the spirit of adventure, born of youth and success, together with the marvelous stories told of the recently discovered rich northern diggings, somewhere about the rise of the Feather and Yuba Rivers, prompted me to unite with two

others in an expedition to the head-waters of those streams.

This was in the latter part of February, 1850. The upper country was well under water from long-continued rains and floods, and it was impossible to reach Marysville from Sacramento by land. We bought a whale-boat, loaded it up with blankets, implements, and provisions, and started up the Sacramento River. A favorable wind enabled us to make the trip against a raging current and in an unusually brief time. Convillieu, a French-Canadian, who, with his wife, was of the few who escaped from the ill-starred Donner Lake emigrant party, occupied the oldest and most substantial residence in that city of mushroom growth. There stores were springing up upon every side, and we had little trouble in buying animals and all else we needed for our expedition up the Yuba. Then came heavier storms, deep snows in the mountains, and we were detained another week.

At our camp outside the town one morning, as we were stretching ourselves in the first sun's warmth for many days, a very remarkable-looking miner and mule came slowly down the trail toward town. The animal was

so gaunt and weak that it could scarcely totter under the apparently light pack of blankets it bore, while the man, equally thin, staggered along under the sole weight of the gun upon his shoulder.

Everybody asked questions in those days of every one met upon the road; so, inviting the stranger to stop at our tent and take a pull of whisky, we soon got at his history. He had started, one of a party of six, from Oregon, several months previously, for the California mines. They had met with many hardships along the eastern border of the Cascade Mountains, prospecting *en route*. Two had been killed by Indians, one had died from illness, and two had remained at "Jim Crow Diggin's,"—now Downieville,—too weak and ill to get farther on.

"Did you find good diggin's?"

"Well—yes, pretty fair; but a man deserves all he got up thar. But, strangers, seems as this is good camping-ground. I reckon I'll just turn my critter out here with youn, as you say land travel to Sacramento is stopped."

He had come partly over our projected route, and we were only too glad for an opportunity to glean from him all we could

of its character. We invited him to mess with us, and proffered our aid in helping him unpack the mule; but he declined, himself with difficulty lifting off the animal a well-concealed pair of sacks, made of doubled-up blankets slung across the saddle. They were small and compact, but of a weight that almost defied his strength to handle. The effort required was too marked to escape our attention, which he observed, remarking that he had grown "powerfully weak getting down to the valley." He turned the jaded beast loose, and seated himself upon his blanket-baggage. Then, after another wrench at the whisky-bottle and an apparent resolution to make us his confidants, he said:—

"Strangers, you seem to be the right sort, and I might as well give you my situation. I must get somebody's help; so I'll trust you. You see, my pards is down sick and could n't handle their packs of gold; so they just 'cached' it afore we reached 'Jim Crow's,' and they 're resting there till well enough to tote it down. I come along; but dern me if Bill—that's my mule there—and me could have got another day's journey ahead."

"Is that there—in the blanket—*gold*?"

"Well, yes, I reckon it is; but I would n't

go back for another load of it if I chopped wood all the balance of my life."

"Where did you dig it?"

"Well, I ain't a-going to tell everybody that. Perhaps I could n't describe the place if I wanted to. See here,—you fellows look honest; leastwise, there ain't much call for stealing, anyway, on the border. If you will help me take this gold to some safe store,—some man who will take care of it,—quietly, until I get a chance to take it down to 'Frisco, I'll just tell you, near as I can, the trail to the biggest diggin's the sun ever shines on. Thar's half of us that started out left; but you could n't get 'ary one of us to go back over our trail for all the gold we left at that hell-spot! Injuns? Well, I should say so. Injuns, deserts, serpents, wild animals, snow, fever, starvation,—they are all thar! Somewhar on the trail you might find the skeletons of our pards, and the bones of a mule, with two hundred pounds of gold lashed to his pack-saddle. No, we had to leave it,—for we could n't take another pound. Our critters started with three hundred pounds each of gold, but we had to lighten 'em up the very next day. We sorted over the big chunks, throwing out all that was weighted with quartz stickin' to 'em;

all but Tom — him as is bleaching, with his mule, out on the desert. *He* killed his over-packed critter, and likewise himself, a-tryin' to get it all into the settlement. *He* was powerful greedy. I've got all I want. I'm square, and I think I can hold it till some bank or business-man can help me. Do you know one?"

As he spoke, he carelessly hitched an uncomfortably big horse-pistol stuck in his belt, and adjusted the half-cocked hammers of his double-barreled gun lying across his knees. We told him of our friend Ira Baldwin, a reliable merchant of Marysville, and helped him pack one of our fresh mules with the gold, walking with him into town. He was made acquainted with Baldwin, who, unobserved, took in the cargo of gold at the back door of the store, and invited our friend to make his bed there and use the gold-sacks for his pillow. No one else was then made acquainted with the treasure of our new friend. Baldwin fitted him out with all the new clothing, etc., he needed, the stranger paying in coarse gold from a pound sack in his boot-leg. Then, when our new friend found his gold in safe keeping, he must needs have us all take a drink with him. Whisky and ale,

brandy and gin,—the assortment was scarcely sufficient for our Cræsus, who soon showed a desire to slake the unlimited thirst of the whole town. But we got him back to camp finally; for we were deeply interested in knowing more of the rich deposits.

Around the camp-fire — Baldwin had joined us — that evening, Ballard (for that was our miner's name) told us the details of his long and adventurous trip down from Oregon. The liquor had made him garrulous, and there was more of incident and personal detail than information of gold location given us. With all of his asserted resolve never to return to the "Gold Lake," as he called it, our drunken Cræsus, with the cunning of intoxication, skillfully evaded a definite indication of the location of his El Dorado.

But it was no idle boast. It was a substantial and undeniable discovery, attested by the great rich lumps of quartz-crustured gold which we had handled, and which brought down Baldwin's scales at *two hundred and ten pounds!* We saw it was useless to urge the man to reveal more of the treasure-grounds then, much as our anxiety pushed our inquiries. Finally, the whisky and general mixture of stimulants overcame the wearied miner, and,

mumbling, he dropped to sleep. Then we laid him out on our blankets, while Baldwin returned to his store, left in charge of his clerk, to guard the gold.

We three then held a caucus for consultation upon a subject that had wrought us up to a point of excitement with difficulty held in subjugation. That we must, early the next morning, before Ballard got to drinking, get from him all possible definite knowledge and maps of the rich location, was at once agreed to. That he would, as soon as drunk, tell others of his find, was equally recognized. And that we, all ready to start, must at once and before others knew of the diggings, push on ahead, was also unanimously agreed to. As we looked at the prostrate, limp form of the wary miner, and longed for the knowledge he seemed to withhold from us so tantalizingly, it was with difficulty we could settle ourselves down for a quiet night's rest. Indeed, I doubt if any of us could banish the land of the "Gold Lake" and its teeming treasures from his waking or sleeping dreams. To think that the befuddled brain of the man lying snoring next us was the depository of a secret involving untold fortunes, held loosely in the relaxed grasp of his maudlin but cun-

ning senses, and still the promised Utopia unrevealed! Would he ever tell us, even although he had promised it? *Quien sabe?*

"Doc, are you awake?"

"Yes, Will," I answered.

"Do you suppose the old guzzling skeleton will divulge in the morning?"

"Don't know," I replied. "We must rally to the location promptly. The whole of Marysville will be on the move toward 'Gold Lake' before forty-eight hours. We should be in the van."

Here Frank sat up, and, quietly loading up his pipe, prepared for a midnight counsel and smoke. Speedily his example was followed, and through the clouds of smoke came wisdom and communion, the result of which was to leave the initiatory effort of extracting information from Ballard in the morning to Frank, to whom Ballard seemed to have taken more especially.

It was long after sunrise had peeped under our blankets before the first to rise had raked out the smoldering fire and thrown on fresh fuel. The smell of fresh coffee and the chat of our party finally aroused our guest Ballard. The poor fellow was woefully weak, but sober and much refreshed. He seemed a manly

though rough fellow, evidently long a borderman. Quiet and observing, he merely remarked that he "reckoned that 'ere whisky of Baldwin's had come nigh letting him loose."

Over our breakfast of fried pork, tough beefsteak, slapjacks, and coffee, Ballard warmed up. Frank cautiously approached him by saying we were going to start that afternoon for Yuba River diggings. If we did not find them paying, we would follow the melting snow toward the north. Perhaps we would get far enough up to look for Gold Lake.

"Boys," said Ballard, seriously, after a little pause, "it seems almost agin my conscience to do anything toward startin' you for Gold Lake; and after I let out to you about it, I would have taken it all back. Death, damnation, and Injuns lays between you and the lake! Where it is, exactly, I can't tell you. We had no compass to fix the points, and did n't even know the names of the mountains beyond 'The Cascades.' I'm goin' to give you this 'ere drawin' as near as the sun points would give it to me. You will find it hard to get to Gold Lake, and harder, a d—n sight, to get away. If ever you do fetch it, all the gold you can want will be just lyin' at your feet. Here's the drawin', boys;—no, I will

never want it again. Every mile of the return is branded into my memory."

Then Ballard seriously and kindly gave us a verbal detailed description of the points of the compass and route, as near as he could guess them.

He seemed a different man this morning, and displayed as much friendly interest in us and our desires as if we were old friends. On our part,—partly from selfish motives, and partly from genuine gratitude and solicitude for this man, who seemed so kindly disposed toward us,—we urged him to be wary and discreet with his tongue and wealth. This he promised to do; but, as a few hours proved, he was a slave to liquor, and wholly unable to command himself.

We kept him with us at camp until the afternoon, when we started. An hour after, all Marysville was fired by the story and the gold displayed by our drunken friend, and hundreds of men were preparing to follow us.

We hoped to interview and obtain more information from Ballard's disabled companions left at "Jim Crow's." In the "drawings,"—as he termed the crude map of cardinal points, trails, mountains, and days' travel,—Shasta, Klamath Lakes, and the Malheur

Indians were mentioned. Excepting these, there were no directions to govern a search for the rich deposits Ballard and his companions had found. It was scarcely probable the three returned men were all so indifferent to their discovery so mapped out as not to have agreed to keep it secret. But it was all we could get, and more than we could expect: so we were determined to make the most of it, whether bogus or sincere. Pushing through beyond "Dobbin's Ranch," below Foster's Bar on the Yuba, we were suddenly caught in a violent storm, which rendered further movement, forward or backward, utterly impossible. For over three weeks we chafed with impatient delay. Then we slowly went forward through the mud and snow, reaching, without being overtaken by others, "Jim Crow Diggin's."

Here we found that one of Ballard's sick companions had died, and the other had disappeared in the night. Finding nothing had been divulged to the few miners there regarding their mule-loads of gold or "Gold Lake," we left it for those who might follow on our trail to tell of the exciting discovery. We were warned that it was early in the spring to attempt the trip north: but with a recklessness begotten of a spirit of adventure and

precedence, only dimmed by the avarice for gold common to human nature, we crept on through the valley bottoms, ever keeping our faces toward the north. We were in sight of Mt. Shasta, and had crossed Pitt River with extreme difficulty, when a bitterly cold snowstorm set in. We were, fortunately, in a deep mountain gorge, which protected us by its depth, and with feed for our animals. Five beasts—three ridden and two packed, all picked animals,—constituted our train. They were the hardy, sure-footed, long-enduring little Mexican mules, and unweariedly carried their not overweighty packs along precipice trails scarcely distinguishable; down mountain-sides, sliding with out-braced feet where our own could scarcely secure foothold; swimming cold streams, often with us hanging to their tails with one hand; and maintaining their strength on a diet of bushes and twigs, where green or dried grass failed. In that dark cañon, where the sun only shone for two hours in the midday, if at all, we remained two long, weary weeks, waiting for the snow to melt on the mountains.

One of my companions—Frank, our leader,—was an old mountaineer and trapper on the Pacific Coast before the discovery of gold. He

was tall, lean, and sinewy, about forty years of age, and an unerring shot with his long, heavy-barreled rifle, stocked, Missouri fashion, to the muzzle. As compared with him in years and experience, we were mere boys. Taciturn, but watchful and kind-hearted, he was ever cheerfully anticipating our most laborious tasks. It was generally his keen sight and never-failing nerve that kept our camp supplied with venison and bear-meat. More than once he put a ball through salmon-trout leaping in the streams and lakes we passed.

It was quite late in March when we came to the edge of the great desert, covered partly by sagebrush, and described by Ballard as the weary death-place of his comrade; but we never found his bones or his gold. Far as the eye could reach, extended the dead-level stretch of this monotonous, barren plain. Coyotes, jack-rabbits, and sagehens, with an occasional wheeling band of white-tailed antelope, which circled around us in startled wonder, constituted the only animated features of the scene. Skirting as nearly as our northward course would permit the western edge of this desert, to avail ourselves of the Cascade water-courses, we gradually brought

into view, after many days of weary travel, a range of mountains which we then believed to be the Malheur Indian range.

We had endeavored to gain some information of lakes, mountains, and gold deposits from the Indians we met, but obtained nothing definite. Frank's admixture of Spanish, Digger Indian, and Pigeon-English did not seem to elicit much information from these miserable devils, whose only reply was a grunt or shake of the head. Most of them could ask for "biscuit" or "whisky," but all seemed ignorant of gold locations or wholly unwilling to reveal them. Then we reached the rolling lands, mesas, and mountains. Resting a few days for feed for our now jaded animals, and — as always in stopping — prospecting for the gold color, we found ourselves near an Indian *rancheria*. Our camp was speedily filled with thieving, dirty Indians. Bribery of "biscuits" obtained from them a statement that ten days' journey farther north would bring us to a great lake — "heap water." Nothing would purchase a guide, however, and their aggressive dishonesty seeming likely to embroil us in difficulty, we faded away by moonlight, as silently as Arabs. Nevertheless, an Indian runner passed us

early the next afternoon, undoubtedly going at his dog-trot northward to notify other Indians of our approach.

The constant and faithful vigilance of Box, a great dog, crossed between mastiff and hound, which I had brought with me, had generally relieved us from standing guard at night; but in this Indian country we found it necessary. Box was never wearied — catching jack-rabbits and coyotes was his pastime; and as we never wanted for antelope or deer-meat, we were all well fed. At night, we raked away the ashes of the camp-fire — extinguished for safety — and spread our blankets upon the warm ground. Frank and Box slept lightly, and were upon their feet frequently in the night; while Niña, our best animal, was as good as a watchdog, braying at any animal or Indian which came in sight.

We were all well armed for the time and place. Frank carried his rifle, a pair of Der-ringer pistols, and a heavy hunting-knife; Will, a brave, hardy Kentucky boy of twenty-three years, was a good shot with the rifle he had brought across the plains the year before, and added an old-fashioned "pepper-pot" revolver and a bowie-knife to his arsenal. His nerve was intrepid, and he had killed his

Indian upon the Platte. My arms were a No. 10 double-barreled shotgun, a pair of double-barreled pistols, and a large knife.

There were neither perfected revolvers nor breech-loaders in those days. We had plenty of ammunition, and considered ourselves pretty formidable as against arrow-armed Indians. Of large and small arms, we had fifteen shots all told; yet, collectively, they were not as efficient as one Winchester of to-day. Well, we needed them all, such as they were, as I shall show in the course of my narrative.

A burning hot sun at midday; at midnight a biting frost. Sagebrush—the eternal sage—would it never end? Would we never reach the distant blue, white-capped mountains that seemed to melt away before our weary advance like a mirage?

At sunrise one morning, Frank detected, shortly after we started, some dark object far ahead in our line of travel. Trails and tracks of Indians and animals converged toward it from every point. As we neared it, before sundown, it was discovered to be a large swelling knoll, or hillock, surmounted with strangely grotesque piles of rocks, lying like a torn-down castle or fortress. They covered

several acres of ground — the only eminence in sight, excepting the mountains, about twenty miles distant. The perfectly symmetrical swell of rising ground was a circular convexity, measuring about a quarter of a mile across from edge to edge. Upon the somewhat flattened center lay the rocky fragments described, like the indistinguishable ruins of some vast ancient edifice. Indeed, as we stood upon masses of almost regularly shaped porphyry, and looked about us in the light of the sinking sun, it was not difficult for the imagination to reconstruct those time-worn fragments into the formidable stronghold of a mighty and long-forgotten race.

The outlook was grand, and from these monuments of past peoples and power, we, the puny creatures of a single epoch of nature's life, gazed upon the flaming orb that from the beginning had looked down upon the inscrutable changes of earth and elements. How brief and weak seemed our life and purposes compared with time's mysteries, buried amid that imperishable tomb! That this sagebrush plain — like nearly all of the same character found west of the Rocky Mountains — was the bottom of a subsided postdiluvian lake, was proved by the water-lines found there, as

always on the mountain ranges. But how old was this pile of rocks, wrecked lines, and openings, almost showing where the walls, towers, and great entrances stood? Was its creation antediluvian? Did it stand upon this eminence before all around flowed a great inland sea? And was it overwhelmed by those destructive floods the story of which comes to us so faintly from out the historical records of ages dead? Surer, truer than man's records, indestructible and undeniable, are the geological characters written by nature's hand upon earth's tablets. Their impress of lines, formations, and strata indelibly proclaims the subsidence of waters which once rolled their waves of oblivion above this solitary mound, leaving us but vague conjecture of its earlier creation and occupation.

As I have said, we had reached this mound at setting of the sun. So far, we had been very fortunate in seldom wanting for water. Upon that day, we had struck across an arm of the desert, toward the mountains and away from the line of Cascade water-courses. Tired, hungry, and, above all, thirsty, we nevertheless had been absorbed in the picturesque antiquity of the seeming ruin to a point of forgetfulness of our creature wants.

"How are we to get on without water to-night?" suggested Will.

"Turn the animals loose," said Frank: "there may be some springs among the rocks which they or the dog can find. The ground seems moist and the grass somewhat green down by those high rocks. All of these trails and tracks look like water-seekers. We must remain here to-night, water or no water."

The mules were very thirsty, and at once went searching for drink. The spot Frank indicated they quickly left, finding none there. Then, with the remarkable instinct of that long-eared animal, they nosed about, cropping here and there the rich, sugar-charged bunch-grass, until they all stood near a great wall of fallen stones, which formed a distinct rectangle, a corner, as it were, of a building.

"The critters have found it," said Frank, as the resonant "Ah, har, har!" bray of a mule seemed uttered to call our attention.

I took a pail and started for the mules. Upon reaching the spot covered by a half-acre of piled-up rocks forming the angle, no water was visible. Urged into a closer investigation by the now impatient mule chorus, I stepped toward two great blocks of well-worn stone, between which the mules, side by side,

were trying to squeeze themselves. The opening trended downward a few yards gradually, and at the bottom of the well-worn path the last rays of the sun shone upon a large stream of sparkling, gurgling water. It came bubbling up from the center of the bottom of what seemed an immense stone bowl, cut out of the solid rock, and overflowing into some concealed sub-surface conduit. It seemed so pure, so refreshing and unexpected, that I shouted out loudly to my comrades, who came running hastily. Will at once suggested that we should camp by it; but, with a look of apprehension upon his face and a hasty, sweeping glance around the horizon, Frank said:—

“Hurry up, boys! water the animals, and then picket them out by that bunch-grass just under that high rock. We must make our bed and watch up there; for, within half an hour after sunset, every animal within twenty miles will come to drink,—Indians, too, perhaps!”

It took some time to fill up those mules. Meanwhile, Frank and Will removed the cargoes—blankets, saddles, and arms—to the flat top of the great pulpitlike rock overlooking the pasture-ground. Then, after we had staked out the mules with our lariats, and

taken an additional precaution against a stampede by hobbling their fore legs, we collected brushwood for a large fire at the foot of the rock and nearest the animals. On a projecting shelf, or ledge, above this, we placed another lot of fuel, which could be dropped down upon the fire below, to feed it. Frank climbed to the top of this highest rock, and, with my pocket-glass, swept the entire plain, while we cooked supper. He discovered neither Indians nor beasts, and, after finishing supper, we climbed to the top of the pulpit-rock, our bedroom. It was as level as the ground,—say twenty-five feet square,—and worn down in the center about four feet deep, leaving the edges crested by a sort of bulwark two feet high.

Making a comfortable bed with the dry grass we had pulled, we lit our pipes, laid our firearms handy, and cuddled down Box, bidding him be quiet. About half-moon, it was just sufficiently light for us to make out the figures of the grazing mules. Excepting the occasional hoot of an owl, there prevailed that perfect stillness which in sleeping nature seems to throb in its intensity.

None of us had spoken for several minutes, when Box partly rose, with a low growl, as

he snuffed the air. While I held him back, Frank overlooked the edge and whispered back that a grizzly bear was making for the spring.

"I don't want to shoot, but must if he makes toward the mules," said he.

Old mountaineers wisely let grizzlies alone, unless they are specially hunting them, and are on horseback. We did not need this fellow, and did not want to arouse possible Indians by firing.

"By the Lord!" exclaimed Frank, "he's scented us, and is creeping for the mules. Will, bring your rifle here. You aim just back of his fore shoulder, while I try to crease him with a ball in his spine. Now — fire!" Almost as one report, they fired at short range, for his bearship was carefully snuffing around the foot of our rock. With an awful roar, the great beast reared upon his hind legs for a moment, and then rolled over and over, biting his sides and paws. I had Box by the collar while we both were peeping over the edge, and the dog, in his frantic efforts to attack him, came very nearly dragging me over upon the bear. But bruin was mortally wounded, and soon lay quiet in death.

We agreed to take turn about on watch; so

Frank took the first trick. - At midnight he quietly called me. Nothing, save the sounds of smaller animals, had been heard. It was raw and cold upon our elevation, and I would gladly have risked the animals for a blanket near a good camp-fire on the ground. Nothing occurred during my watch until just at its expiration, when I heard considerable stir among the animals, followed by old Dick's mule-cry of "Ah — har! Ah — har!" That was enough, even without Box's growl. Instantly I shook Frank, and seized a handful of dried grass, which I touched off with a match as it dropped upon the lower brush-heap. As if for help, old Dick was trumpeting loudly. He, like Niña, was always as good as a watchdog about camp. It took a few seconds for the grass to ignite the brush, and then, by the bright blaze, we had a complete view of the animals. The moon had set early, and as the flames lit up the darkness, we saw an Indian riding our best mule away like mad into the night. Both Frank and Will let drive at him, and we had the grim satisfaction of seeing our poor mule drop, while the Indian sprang away unscathed. Just at that moment, Box jumped clean off the rock, and as he struck the ground below us, another Indian

bounded away from behind a rock across the firelight. My shotgun was in my hand; it was loaded with a buckshot wire-cartridge and double B. To give him the coarse goose-shot, followed by the cartridge of the other barrel, was the act of a second, and Mr. Lo was rolling on the ground, with Box at his throat. By this time, Frank and Will were reloaded.

"Doc, you guard this side; Will, you there. I will watch here. We can't tell how many of these varmints are around," whispered Frank.

The three weakest sides of the table-rock were thus guarded, while the fire burned brightly upon the most precipitous one, but left us lying in the shadow. Calling up Box, on the *qui vive* we waited for an attack; but it did not come.

A few hours after, the gray dawn began to streak the east, and as it grew brighter our fire burned down. By the cold light of morning, we looked from off the rock. There were four mules quietly grazing, while the stiffened limbs of the fifth, and the best, attested to the unfortunate certainty of our riflemen. Just below us lay the carcass of a huge grizzly bear, and, farther on, my Indian — all in a heap, as he fell.

A drove of antelope came prancing across the plain, and, although they saw us, their leader led them deliberately past and up to the spring. We had all the meat we required, and could carry nothing more. Indeed, the riding-saddle of our dead mule was necessarily added to the cargo. As for us, we must take turns in walking now.

By sunrise, we were facing northeast by north, as the compass told, headed for the distant mountains.

"Now our trouble will begin," said Frank. "The Indian who escaped is somewhere near those mountains, on his way for more devils like himself. We'll have lots of them to stand off, the next time they come for us."

It was an uneventful day and nearly sundown when we straggled under the trees upon the bank of a picturesque stream, flowing out of the foothills. Our pushing march, to reach the mountain range that day, was accomplished. The feed was excellent, wood and water abundant, and it took us but a little while to establish a tolerably safe camp within the boundaries of some fallen tree-trunks and the stream. There was grass enough within this natural corral for our animals' supper, and we did not propose to give the Indians a

chance to run them off again. That night and thereafter, we stood guard, Box proving himself invaluable by his vigilance and courage.

That something more in human shape than lions, bears, or coyotes was prowling around our camp that night was in the morning divulged by fresh Indian footprints; but we saw nothing of the brutes. That noon we met two Indians on the trail we were following. Making to us friendly signs, we gave them food and endeavored to gain some information. Of gold they knew nothing, but of "big water" there was one three suns' travel north, with "heap bad Injun."

Indorsing Frank's border belief—that "the only good Indian is a dead one,"—we pushed on northward. But it was not without serious misgivings,—for we fully realized that we were, sooner or later, to be attacked, both for plunder and to avenge the death of the Indian I had shot. Keeping along the foot of the mountain range, we traveled through a beautiful, well-watered, grassed, and wooded country. On the night of the second day, we camped beneath a bold bluff—the abrupt termination of a spur, which, diverging at right angles from the range, ran outward into

the plain. The precipitous side,—or, rather, end,—of this spur, had every appearance of having slid off, leaving bald and bare the perpendicular rocky wall, five hundred feet high. If such was the case, subsequent floods had washed away the *débris*,—for at the base there was neither stone nor dirt piled up. You could stand with your back to the wall and look straight up to the overhanging bushes at the dizzy upper edge. About three hundred feet up, there was an opening, forty feet square, apparently. Upon the side of this spur, a diverging trail, easy and well worn, seemed to wind upward to the top. From the opening, and gracefully gushing down the face of the bluff, fell a refreshing stream of the purest water. Near these musical falls we camped, determined to see something more of this remarkable formation in the morning before we started.

The night-watches were wearying to us, but imperative, because of the constant shadowing kept upon us by Indians. Several times we had caught sight of flitting forms on the mountain-side above us, but we were out of reach of arrows,—the only weapons they then had; while they were in mortal fear of the far-reaching rifle. At intervals, we now de-

tected sounds of distant rumbling, followed by an explosive shock; as they grew more distinct as we advanced, we concluded they were from falls or a geyser near by in the mountains. But we were undisturbed, and as we were willing to rest in so delightful a spot, did not hurry to leave on the following morning. It seemed but a continuation of the trail we had followed heretofore, that which led up the mountain-spur being equally well travel-worn. The discovery of old "mule-chips" upon the upper trail decided us to try it for a short distance, that we might overlook the plain at least. We could follow it up as high as the top of the cliff, from which we devoutly hoped to see the long-sought "Gold Lake." Besides, mules, only ridden by white men generally, had passed up there.

The sun announced the approach of noon when we reached the top of the spur and halted in amazement and silent wonder. The grandeur of the scene seemed beyond human expression. We stood upon a broad, level plateau of several hundred acres, covered with trees like an open park, with here and there clumps of manzanita-bushes and madrones, relieving with their crimson bodies the darker trunks of the majestic oaks and

pinetrees. Looking out toward the west, we could dimly trace the line of snow-crowned mountains; while back of us rose terrace upon terrace of pine-fringed ridges, until the snow belt wound around the loftier peaks its spotless robe, intermingled with the white clouds so little above and beyond.

But it was when we turned our gaze northward that exclamations of pleasure burst from us. Not more than six or eight miles distant lay a great sheet of glistening water, which gleamed beneath the midday sun with a mellowed tint, like molten gold. There lay the Mecca of our journey,—we were sure of it! How fortunate we had been, after all, to come so straight to it!

But the imperfect scrawl of Ballard had not mentioned so remarkable a landmark as this promontory in the plain. Why had he not been more explicit? If he had wished us to find the lake, it was so easy to have spoken of this spur and its magnificent outlook. Nooning here and feasting our eyes upon the scene, we resumed our downward way on the other side of the spur, intending to make a short day's journey and reach the lake early next day. Now even more marked and broader wound the trail down toward the

plain again. We observed and commented upon the singular absence of any bifurcation farther up the mountain, or along its sides.

Why had this trail, made more by animals than by Indians, ran up, over, and down again on the other side of this high promontory, when that below was easier and shorter, along the level plain and around the face of the cliff? The answer to our problem was before us, and appeared most suddenly. Turning a sharp angle of projecting rock, our trail branched out upon a large shelf, seemingly of the spur, and directly toward a group of great jagged boulders. It was evident enough, even to the animals we were following, with Will in the lead, that the trail trending in that direction could never lead us down to the plain below. We all stopped in amazement. This shelf of a half-dozen acres ran outward, narrowing toward the face of the cliff, until where it reached the great boulders it was not thirty feet wide. Its outer side was perpendicular—no trail nor track left it. Halting and quietly gathering, we consulted in subdued voices as to the possible proximity of an Indian *rancheria*, while we looked to our firearms. Again came the rumbling sound, muffled but louder, followed by a slight

quiver of the ground, that startled us all, and made the animals prick up their ears.

It was decided that Box and myself were to remain in charge of the animals, while Frank and Will advanced and reconnoitered. Allowing the mules to graze, I seated myself upon a rock, with Box at my feet, while the boys disappeared, cautiously following the trail into the narrow opening between the boulders. As firing by either of us was an alarm to bring us together, after waiting half an hour and growing apprehensive at hearing or seeing nothing, I picketed the mules, and, warning Box behind me, stepped lightly between the boulders where my comrades had disappeared.

Following the trail beyond and along the now narrow shelf a dozen yards, what was my surprise to find it terminate at the dark entrance to a cave in the side of the cliff. At least in comparison with the glare of the sun, the vast portals seemed dark. But as I stood gazing at them in amazement, the cavern lit up dimly in its interior as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light. Hearing no sound, and fearful the boys had met with some casualty, I uttered a low and familiar cry, which was at once answered from the depths of the cavern with many repeating

echoes. Then Frank's voice exclaimed, "We are returning!" and in a few moments he and Will were by my side.

Hurrying back to the animals, which we found all safe, we seated ourselves, Frank exclaiming: "Doc, we must stop here to-night; we must see more of this wonder-cave before we go on! After all, we may not go any farther; or, if we should, we may find a better way back along the Cascades. Do you see that, Doc?" and he held out his open hand, upon the palm of which lay a piece of fantastically formed gold, with particles of quartz adhering.

Taking it into my own hand, I found it to be a specimen of quartz gold, weighing nearly half an ounce, just such a looking chunk as those exhibited by Ballard. The gold was dull in color and the quartz iron-stained and decomposed. It was evidently from some seam heavily loaded with gold and long exposed to the air, which had decomposed the vein.

Our previous and only knowledge of gold, save that shown by Ballard, was the river-bed washing of scale, or flake, gold in which I had worked the summer previous. Dry or coarse gold diggings were then unknown. The triturated and irregular appearance of

the placer gold, of course, caused us to adopt the theory that it had at some past time been liberated from a matrix and, by a convulsion of nature, scattered over the land. We were sufficiently acquainted with geology to understand its combinations with quartz, but, until we looked with longing eyes upon the mass of gold lumps dumped from Ballard's mule, we had never dreamed of our luck leading us to the fountain-head of such wealth.

Frank had trodden upon this lump of gold upon the floor of the great cavern he had just left. They had but dimly viewed an immense cave, and penetrated it for about five hundred feet, when they found themselves beneath the opening in the roof, which had given a dim twilight to the interior. Excepting gleaming points in every direction, they could make out nothing definitely, and, having only a few matches for light, they had deemed it prudent to return for more careful preparations to explore the interior.

This was what we had come for; and, as we looked into each other's eyes, there was but one answer to the suggestion of Frank to camp there. With scarcely a word more, we unsaddled the animals, regardless of the possible proximity of Indians.

Nor did we consult long as to our course of action. The sun was beginning to sink behind the western range of mountains, from which long shadows stretched out across the wide plain below, and, circling about the gleaming lake in the distance, gave it the appearance of a giant gem set in somber tints. The cave must be explored before the light came up again behind the eastern range of mountains, upon the foothills of which we stood. We must not be trapped in the cave by Indians; sunrise must find us miles away and hidden until we could resume our travel in darkness.

The mules were driven into the mouth of the cave and there tethered. Gathering enough fuel for a very moderate fire, we unpacked our cargo in a concealed angle of the cave, where the light could not be observed from anywhere outside. Here the floor was dry and sandy. The view from this point of the vast apartment was grand beyond description. Above the dark sides rose the roof, gleaming with a thousand rainbow reflections of light thrown back by crystalline formations. Small as was our fire, it seemed to be repeated by myriads of iridescent jewels, whose refracted rays, shining like a zenith of incandescent

electric points, were lost in the unfathomable gloom of distance. Through the great opening in the perpendicular bluff, the sunset colors were seen gathering in the western sky. From an aperture about fifty feet square, in the lower south corner of it, poured a stream of pure mountain water, which fell in a silvery spray upon the plain beneath. It was a scene of enchantment, and to our youthful and wrought-up imaginations the Aladdin's cave of our fortunes.

Our explorations, slowly and cautiously made by the weak light of a few burning twigs and matches, were pursued to the music of rushing waters and whirring wings. Thousands of unseen bats and birds cut curving lines through the dark, dull air, or went screaming out of the great front opening. The gleaming eyes of some wild beast for a moment glared at us as it slunk by in the darkness. We stumbled over a pile of human bones, and from beneath a wriggling snake went hissing into the shadows. It combined the grewsome horrors of a grave-vault, illumined by the brilliant beauty of a fairy cave.

Up to this point, the cave had been about one hundred feet wide; it now narrowed down to half that width. The ceiling continued

as high, shafted and arched like St. Peter's dome. Stalactites were here, pendent in picturesque architectural droopings; while, reaching upward toward them, the calcareous stalagmites clustered from the rocky floor. Great fissures in the sides alternated their inky shadows with iron-stained strata, blue clay, and gray wall-casings. Then appeared a seam of dazzling white crystalline quartz, shading off into prisms of blue, green, and yellow, and emitting a flood of diamond rays in reflecting our lights.

The crustaceous and irregular floor here made walking difficult, and, while slowly creeping on, we suddenly found our further progress arrested by a deep, dark gulf, running directly across the cavern. Sharp-edged and irregular, it was about five feet wide—a great rent, or split, of floor, sides, and roof. A white, sulphurous vapor, warm and steaming, slowly floated up from its unknown depths, while a seething, bubbling noise indicated heat and water at some lower level.

I had just noticed the gleaming whiteness of another broad band of quartz running obliquely across the north wall near the floor fissure, when Frank suddenly caught my arm and motioned toward it. We three had been

creeping along abreast, and about six feet apart, each holding matches or burning sticks. Frank was nearest the north wall, toward which he now sprang with a cry of joy, waving his burning brand above his head. At once following him, we stood in utter amazement before the vein of quartz, which stretched diagonally across the side of the cave. It was fully ten feet wide, commencing with a sharply defined line of pure quartz, white as the mountain snow, without a sign of gold, and gradually becoming more opaque and stained by decomposed sulphurets, until, at its other edge, it was but a mass of discolored, disintegrated rock. It had given way through rottenness, and there lay upon the floor—tons of it. Eagerly holding our lights close to the pile, we found that of the fallen heap at least one-quarter was coarse gold.

It was the treasure found at last! There, upon the ground alone, lay in sight enough coarse gold to load twenty mules, while in the seam great flakes of dull gold told of its extended richness.

Eagerly we raked over the pile of decayed quartz, picking out the lumps of precious yellow metal, until we realized how important

it was for us to act systematically and speedily. Then hastening back by the failing light of our flambeaux, we at once prepared fresh bundles of dry sticks, to light our immediate return to the vein. No time was to be lost. We resolved to pack part of our provisions on our backs, while, with the mules, each carrying two hundred pounds of gold, we would take the return trail to California. Traveling at night only, we might avoid Indians and those miners behind us, also seeking "Gold Lake." At some future time in the summer we would return with a train of mules, and, should the find be still undiscovered by others, secure permanently this matrix mine.

Alas, for the fatal curse of gold! The avarice of man is the same upon the desert or in the city; he is ever willing to risk his life for the mighty metal. In the excitement of the hour, we ignored the fate of our predecessors, whose greed of wealth ended in death.

But the thirst for gold was upon us. We thought only to stagger away in the darkness beneath a deadly load, which we might keep in hiding while the sun shone and stealthily convey by night to safety.

Will and myself were mere boys. City bred, this was my first absolute hardship in

the wilderness. Even the matured border experience of Frank, usually so cautious, succumbed to the greedy excitement.

Such were our gilded dreams and plans as we prepared flour-sacks and blankets to receive the gold. Then we returned to the vein, filled and lashed the sacks, which were to be packed on the saddles when the animals should be led up to the mine.

During the past few moments we had grown conscious of a gradually increasing humming noise, which seemed to assert itself above the many others made by birds, bats, or animals. Once or twice during our excited and hurried packing of the gold, we had looked around in surprise at this uproar, which rendered speaking almost impossible. Now there came a rumbling as of a heavy cart driven over a stony street. As we sprang to our feet, the disturbance increased. The rocky floor beneath us cracked and perceptibly oscillated. A bluish vapor, through which shone a dim phosphorescent gleam, suddenly burst up from out the chasm, and, with a sullen roar and splash, a geyser-jet of water was thrown up and fell into a great cavity drained by the stream running through and out of the front cave opening.

In this pandemonium of sight and sound our unattended and draught-blown lights had gone out, and we stood grasping each other in terror, not knowing but that the entire cave was falling in. Frank had experienced slight earthquakes, and had seen intermittent geysers, and his explanation assured us of the natural cause of the Hades-like commotion; but to us inexperienced youngsters the distant daylight shining through the front cave opening could not be reached soon enough. We wanted the open and sunlight just then,—gold was not of the slightest importance,—and we rapidly, for the difficulties encountered, found ourselves at the entrance.

The mules had broken loose in their fright, and were outside, cropping the grass. By this time the confusing and alarming noises had ceased, and, reassured by Frank's quiet and intelligent explanation of the harmless character of the recurring flows, we secured the animals and led them back. But it was quite conclusive that we did not want to sleep in a vaulted bedroom with such a nightmare-snorter as that.

About four hours had passed since, upon our arrival outside, we had heard the noises that Frank's and Will's explorations failed to

account for. Recalling this as possibly the last previous outburst of the geyser, we determined to test Frank's theory by waiting as long a period before leading in and packing the mules. Will and I thought we could afford the time. We did not care for gold which must be snatched from the yawning jaws of hell itself. To us, the gold seemed bait in a great, beautiful trap, with a hideous, hidden demon ready to seize and devour his caged victims.

Four hours passed, and as we stood again in the interior of the cavern, the increasing noises warned us of nature's approaching cataclysm. Standing nearer the entrance, we this time coolly observed the convulsive phenomenon. As if suffering the throes of parturition, from out the bowels of the cave came mingled groans, sighs, shrieks, and wailing sounds. There seemed no fearful noise omitted from the volume of agony expressed by the laboring laboratory in its pained efforts for relief. Birds, bats, rabbits, and coyotes made hasty exit from the now quaking cavern. Then came the terminating roar, the acme of earth-spasm. Lurid light and the sulphurous volume of vapor and water announced the Cyclopean birth.

Once more silence reigned within the cave, or was broken only by the soft beating of viewless wings and the silvery ripple of moving waters. Glancing around at the gleaming crystals, viewing again the vast arches which swept across the lofty ceiling, groined and grooved in symmetry and strength, our alarmed pulses now quieted by the impressive solemnity of the place, it was with difficulty we recognized the sudden shifting of scenery, the turmoil of Dante's "Inferno," suddenly subdued to the peaceful quiet of cathedral cadence. But we quickly shook off all sentiment, remembering that if we did not wish to witness another natural circus, we must gather the gold, pack the mules, and be off.

It was done in less than an hour. It was no wonder that the old miner was thin, and said we would have to go through all sorts of dreadful things,—including hell, death, and Indians,—to get the gold! Our few remaining sleeping-blankets were covering the gold-sacks upon the mules' backs. Upon our own, we each carried a pack. The dog was the gentleman,—he carried nothing. The greater part of the provisions, together with our tools, we "cached" in the cave, placing some heavy rocks above them.

A dense fog enveloped the entire country as we emerged from the cavern and carefully strung along down the trail to the plain below. Our clothing was soaked with moisture; but the fog protected us from the keen eyes of Indians, and, save the occasional striking of a mule's foot against a stone, there was little noise to betray us.

Without molestation, we reached Cathedral Rocks two days later, after sunrise in the morning. It was not without great apprehension that we approached that stronghold in open daylight; both men and animals were much distressed by overloads and rapid marching.

We each carried about twenty-five pounds of provisions, besides our ammunition, arms, canteens, etc., and could scarcely drag a leg when we halted beyond arrow-reach of the rocks. As I was the least experienced in border knowledge, I was left with the mules and dog, while Frank and Will crept cautiously around the mound to reconnoitre. At last the signal came for me to approach—the coast was clear. Soon the weary mules were enjoying the much-needed pasture beneath the great square rock, while our camp was made between some fallen masses, which con-

cealed us completely from view should any one approach.

A hearty meal of venison, and Frank, with the glass and dog, took the first four hours' watch upon the high rock. During that time Will and I slept too deeply to dream even of our wealth. The frame only of our poor mule and that of the bear were left. Beasts and birds of prey had cleanly picked their bones. It did not look well for us that the Indian I shot had been removed. At noon, Frank called me, and my watch proved as uneventful as his own. At six in the afternoon, I had cooked the dinner, giving the tired men until the last moment to sleep.

As the setting sun's rays fell upon the (to us) distant magic cliff we had left behind us, the golden goal of our journey, we turned our faces toward his fading light and started westward across the desert. From this point we left our old trail, Frank arguing that we should, by so doing, be less likely to meet miners or Indians going toward "Gold Lake." There was a wider stretch of plain and *mesa* to cross in taking this route, but we yielded to his superior judgment. While few thefts, save those of animals, occurred in those days when law and order issued only from the muzzle of

a gun, we were really more apprehensive of meeting white than red men. Although no cargo was visible upon the blanket-covered backs of our mules, an experienced eye would at once detect something suspicious in the labored movements of animals bearing such seemingly light loads. Besides, there was less snow, with better feed and water, nearer the coast.

For nearly two weeks we skulked across the broken plain, traveling only at night, and always with difficulty and pain. During the day we lay concealed, ever sacrificing our own comfort for a hidden pasture for our mules, upon which limited feed and dead-weight burdens were fast telling. Traveling for one entire day without water, we reached, late in the evening twilight, a deep hollow, long in view. There we had hoped to find a spring, and there, suddenly crossing an intervening ridge, we discovered quite a pool of still water. Upon the side we were on, it was approached across a muddy, sandy shore.

It was impossible to head off all of the mules, maddened with thirst, as they rushed for a drink. One escaped and floundered through the deadly quicksands to the water's edge, only to sink, struggling, to its pack

before it could drink a mouthful. We succeeded in throwing a lariat over the pack, but the mule had not strength enough to lift itself and the gold, with all our pulling. Will sprang out along the line and was soon down to his belt in the treacherous sands. But for Frank's prompt command to cut and tie the rawhide rope under his arms, he would have sunk. It was all that we could do to pull him out endwise.

And now, we were three men and three mules, all weak, worn, and foot-sore. Creeping along, with our eyes turned toward the towering Cascade range, we felt the burdens we bore growing heavier each hour.

We missed the kindly voice and acts of our leader, who was seemingly suffering and seldom spoke. We wondered afterward if a premonition of the coming sad event had cast its shadow before. Of ourselves, Frank seemed the weakest and most changed. While he did not complain, it was evident from his feverish impatience that his old enemy, malarial fever, was upon him. When we reached the eastern foothills of the Cascade Range, we were a party of skeletons — men and mules — and sank down at the first covered camping-ground. For two days we rested our over-

strained muscles and energies, and then refreshed, pushed on southward for California. We had frequently seen the camp-fires of probably both Indian and "Gold Lake" seekers, but always gave them a wide berth, more than once muzzling the mouths of the mules and dog, that they might not betray our proximity.

And now began our descent of the mountains, with but one more lofty spur to cross, when the snow-belt would be left above and behind. For some time we had been traveling less than ten miles a day, so weak now were our animals. The inelastic and excessive loads of gold pressing steadily upon their backs had, despite our care and watchfulness, chafed and internally injured the beasts. They were handicapped — overloaded, — and yet Frank, with abnormal obstinacy, caused by the fever which consumed him rather than avarice, refused to "cache" any part of their cargoes.

We had nearly reached the summit of this last spur, or divide, staggering along in a blinding snow-storm, which constantly compelled the man in advance to search for the obscure trail in the drifting snow. Our own backs and limbs were wearied and aching

with the loads they bore. The mules had gleaned but little sustenance from mountain leaves and twigs above the snow they had crossed for the three days previous. We were passing upon a trail narrow and rough, which led around the face of a steep mountain-side. It was little broader than our feet; on the inner edge, was the steep, jagged face of rock; on the outer, a precipice a thousand feet deep. Will was then in the lead, and after uncovering this at any time perilous path, called back for Frank to take the head of the foremost mule. Poor Frank, worn out and ill, at first irritably refused, but upon my going forward to do so, himself generously insisted upon taking this post of danger. Small and compact as were the deadly cargoes of gold, they repeatedly grazed rocky projections as the mules hugged the walls.

At the most dangerous point, just over the precipice, the head mule led by Frank slightly slipped its hind foot. With an oath and ill-judgment, unnatural to him at any other time, Frank dropped his rifle and jerked the halter-rope he held. The animal threw up its head, while its worn and unshod feet slipped from under on the narrow frozen trail; the pack struck against the wall, throwing the

poor beast's hind legs over the edge of the chasm. For a moment it clung with its fore feet to the abrupt edge, Frank vainly endeavoring to hold it up by unwisely pulling at the halter. Before we could speak, the taut rope caused Frank's feet to slide from under him, and, with a despairing yell, our comrade and the mule went bounding down the perpendicular depth to certain death.

For a moment we were paralyzed with horror, then, driving the other animals around the dizzy point to a place broad enough, we lay down with just our faces over the edge of the precipice, and sought to learn the fate of our friend. As far as we could look downward into the cold chasm, each cruel projection, where their falling bodies had struck and wiped off the snow, was red with blood. At the bottom, where they had disappeared in the snow-drift, the edge of the snow was deeply encrimsoned. For half an hour we thus lay watching their grave, so suddenly and horribly made, consulting, with the hope of some rescue, alive or dead, of our friend and leader. There was no apparent way to reach the bottom of this dreadful hole, even in the absence of snow and ice. It was even more hopeless than the recovery of a man

swept overboard at sea in a raging storm ; and, with sinking hearts, we once more turned onward upon our trail.

Before starting, I blazed the bark of the nearest trees to indicate the spot where the disaster occurred, not that either of us sincerely thought it possible to rescue either the bones of our friend or his gold at some future time, but more because we felt we must do something to relieve our surcharged feelings. We made and hung a rude cross upon a projecting shrub on the wall where they went over, while sadly came back to me the touching lines of Byron's "Stranger's Grave":

"And save the cross above his head,
Be there no sign nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."

Almost the first question asked one another in this then land of young representative men, was: "What State are you from?" Frank was from Maine. This was all we knew of our comrade killed. Like most border men, his nature exemplified the Spanish motto: "Los hechos me justificatan." We knew him as honest, just, brave, and unselfish. Of his past he never spoke, and we never questioned.

We had now grown indifferent to concealment, and no longer traveled by night. Two more days of slippery, snowy mountain toiling brought us down into a green valley. In the descent we saw smoke below us, and in the night avoided a large Indian camp. The storm had ceased; for half a day we lay quietly in a sunny glen, strengthening ourselves and animals upon the limited fare we had. In the dusk of evening we mounted the next and last range, and looked down upon the distant camp of "Jim Crow's Diggins."

That night's meal consisted, for us, of a piece of bacon-rind and a slapjack; that was the equal half of all we had left to eat. We reckoned it would take us two days' more easy travel to reach the camp. Before we had time to eat our supper, half a dozen naked Indians, one after another, lounged up to our fire and demanded "biscuit" — "no got eat." This was a bad fix. To refuse was to provoke their animosity; to give of our scanty fare was still more to deprive ourselves of much-needed food. We endeavored to explain we had no more, and we broke our "jacks" and bacon in half and divided with the squaws. They simply pointed to our packs, lying

covered by saddles and blankets, and ejaculated "Heap!" We quickly put ourselves outside our morsel of supper, and, handing over the coffee-pot to the "big Injun," quietly slipped aside to secure our guns.

We could not explain that our packs were not provisions; so we sat down upon them, with our guns handy. As the dirty devils stood around the fire and drank our coffee, we decided to start on that night just as soon as they left.

But this did not occur until long after the moon rose, bright and full. Then, making as sure as possible that they all had left, we quickly resaddled, and, bidding Box be quiet, again took up our weary tread.

Feeling convinced that we should be followed by the Indians and robbed, if not killed for our arms—much coveted by them,—when we reached a lone tree in the midst of a small plain, a halt was called. We decided here to "cache" our gold, under cover of the shadow of the tree, and get into camp as speedily as possible, returning with fresh animals to recover our treasure. We could see all around the clearing—there was no one watching. Wearily we dug, with a hatchet, a hole sufficiently deep to hold our packs; then

carefully replaced the surface dirt and built our camp-fire over the spot.

Resting until sunrise, we mounted the mules and rode onward. Pausing upon the first ridge reached after starting, and looking back across the plain, we saw a dozen Indians running toward the tree we camped under, where the fire still smoked. Then they at once followed upon our trail. It was impossible for us to get away from the brutes,—for the trail wound down the mountain, and they would head us off. The best plan would be to get to open ground, and check them out of arrow-shot with our guns.

Riding as fast as we could push the exhausted beasts, we reached a long stretch of open parklike ground, covered sparsely by large trees. Selecting two of these, quite close together and surrounded with low brush, we “held the fort” behind the trunks. In a few moments the rascals came in sight. Their bows were strung with an arrow upon the string, a sure sign they meant fight. When they were within rifle reach, Will stepped out and motioned them back with his hand. They consulted together, and then one advanced alone. Again Will motioned and called out for him to go back. It was the

chief. Suddenly he raised his bow and quickly discharged the arrow, which fell ten feet short of Will's position.

This was a challenge—meant war, as the whoop uttered with the hostile act told; and still we did not fire. When we did, we wanted closer range and a chance to “bunch” them for my coarse shot. Trying another arrow with no better effect, the “big Injun” beckoned to his followers to advance, himself encouraging them by approaching many paces nearer. They all then stood together, and we quickly counted six bucks, two boys, and two squaws. The men for a moment stood all together, listening to their chief's talk.

This was our opportunity. Will had his own and poor Frank's rifle, and, at the word from him, we let them have the guns in quick succession. When firing ceased, we saw four bucks upon the ground, while the other two were heading the boys and squaws in flight. Two of the bucks down shortly after dragged themselves away under another tree; the other two never stirred again. Wishing only to be unmolested, we did not follow them up, but shortly after saddled our mules and slowly rode away. That evening we calculated we

had made but four miles farther — so utterly worn out were our beasts.

We were descending from an upland open, when, with a startling yell, at least ten Indians dashed out of the timber behind us, and opened fire with their bows and arrows. One arrow stuck into my animal and one into my blanket-roll, behind my saddle. Will was untouched, and instantly wheeled and fired, killing his man. By that time I had succeeded in getting my now fractious animal around, and my two barrels of scattering shot put the balance to flight.

The Indians, now more wary, however, followed us, holding back every time Will picked one off with his rifle. I succeeded in drawing the arrow from my mule's rump; but the flint barb remained, and the lamed animal could scarcely walk.

There was a piece of closely wooded ground ahead of us, and the Indians were again crowding up behind, evidently intending a charge in the undergrowth. We were upon a down grade, Will riding, myself walking and urging on the lame beast. Box, well trained, kept close to my heels. Suddenly we found the trail divided, each branch equally well worn. From the observations of the locality

made and points of the compass constantly consulted, I was positive that the right-hand branch was our road, and took it. Will was last, holding back the Indians with his rifle, it carrying twice the distance of my shotgun. He took the left-hand branch, calling out to me that his was the right trail.

Just at that moment, a couple of Indians, who evidently had run around and before us, jumped into the trail in front of me. An arrow whizzed past my ear, as I dropped one Indian with my gun, and turning to give the other barrel to his companion, I found him flat, with Box at his throat. Just then the devils behind charged up, but were again checked by a general firing upon our part. Meanwhile, the fellow under Box had pushed his knife through the faithful dog's heart and escaped into the brush.

Again the Indians were rallying, seemingly re-enforced. Once more Will yelled for me to come on, and dashed down the trail he held — the left-hand one — out of sight.

There was no time for hesitation. I thought perhaps the trails reunited again down in the valley. Sufficiently confident that my branch trended toward the camp to risk my life on it, and seeing between us Indians already turn-

ing into Will's trail, I sprang upon my mule, and by vigorous spurring got him into a feeble run. Three Indians only followed me, and they kept at a respectful distance.

From the next divide I could plainly see "Jim Crow's Diggin's," lying about six miles below. The three Indians had now disappeared. It was no longer possible to get my poor wounded animal off a hobbling walk. The sun was getting low, and, as the trail took into a dense timber growth, I sprang off the mule, and leading him into the underbrush away from the trail, broke away on a foot-race a little on one side of the path. My hope was to throw the Indians off the footprints. A good runner in those days, strong, light, and active, a steady jog brought me to the diggings in a few hours.

The trails did not reunite, and Will had not arrived in camp.

He never came in.

The next morning at daylight, I rode back over my trail, and from the forks where we parted down the trail which Will took twenty miles, at the head of a searching party of ten well-armed miners. As far as a mountain branch of the Yuba, we found his mule's footprints and those of half a dozen Indians

following. At the rapid stream the Indian marks were found upon the other side, but went no further. They were wild and confused, evidently at losing Will's. Up and down the stream, upon both sides, we found nothing but the Indians' tracks. We fired our guns and shouted, but there was no answer.

In response to my offer of two ounces a day apiece for volunteers, and a heavy reward if found, four of the men remained three days longer with me on that faithful hunt for Will. We rode to the Indian *rancheria*, ten miles farther on, to which the trail Will took led. The Indians there were surly; but, for all that, we went through every possible hiding-place, looking for our friend. At the end, failing to find him, I offered the chief five mules, guns, and ammunition to find and bring him into camp.

But it was all of no use. My brave comrade never returned—never was heard of again!

For one month I remained in "Jim Crow Diggin's," and during that time hundreds of miners passed through *en route* to "Gold Lake." Keeping my own counsel, I never told where we came from, merely stating that we had been working in the higher mountain streams, and were driven out by the Indians. At the end

of that time, I purchased a good mule-train outfit, hired a man to help me, and, returning to the "cached" gold, recovered it and took it down to Marysville. In the "cache" I left a letter with my address. I deposited the half of the gold in D. O. Mills's bank, still hoping Will might get back to the diggings, where I left full particulars how to find me. It was not until the following year that I gave him up for dead and sold his gold. Advertisements in the newspapers never found Will Stephens, of Kentucky. Inquiries in that State were equally unsuccessful in hearing of his family.

More peaceful and less adventurous pursuits engaged my attention for many years following upon the Pacific Coast. Professionally and politically active, it was at all times easy to find me; but poor Will never came to claim his gold.

Often, when the spirit of unrest was upon me, the desire to revisit that wondrous cave, with its untold wealth, came back. But with the wish returned a vivid recollection of the attendant horrors, and I as often deferred the trip.

Just after the first severe earthquake in San Francisco, in 1853, the following article, pub-

lished in an Oregon paper, was copied in the San Francisco "Alta California":—

"WONDERFULLY RICH DIGGINGS REVEALED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.—For some years a peculiar perpendicular bluff has marked a part of the Malheur Range, looking westward. It was a lone spur, the end of which had, at some remote period, slipped off, leaving a bald front, with a great hole in it,—a landmark seen miles distant. The recent earthquake dislodged another section of this spur, precipitating thousands of tons of earth and stone down upon the plain below. Recently, some passing miner, observing quartz and water in the *débris*, tested and found pockets of coarse gold, surpassing in richness anything heretofore discovered. Hundreds of miners are now working there, all with unusual success. There is a tradition among the Indians that the spur had a great cavern in it, where lived a murderous devil, who made gold to entice miners, whom he destroyed. The Indians themselves never entered the cave."

HUNTING IN PIONEER DAYS.

of the valley to their human foe. The salmon were leaping at every mountain fall; the trout were sparkling in every pool. California was a sportsman's paradise.

Always ready for a hunt, it was not surprising, therefore, that when my friend Swain proposed an extended trip for game, I took down my No. 10 chokebore, my rod and lines, and a heavy rifle. There were no breech-loaders in those days—no more rapid-firing guns than those a man could load at the muzzle with powder, shot, wads, and caps,—the ammunition that was hung about him. How awkward such trappings seem in these days of breech-loading cartridge guns and magazine rifles! The full, bright moon of that November night saw us off—Swain, the writer, two fine dogs, blankets, and provisions. Everything was stowed away aboard of a little sixteen-foot open boat, with oars and sprit-sail. We swept rapidly down the Sacramento River, and by daylight were in the mouth of Cache Creek. At sunrise, we landed upon an oak-covered knoll, and had a breakfast of hot coffee, broiled teal ducks, fish, a slice of salt pork, and hardtack. A steady pull all night at the oars had given us an appetite Angostura bitters could not simulate.

What a gloriously open land it was in those days of boundless possession! No fences, no houses, no "pent-up Utica" then to confine the feet or vision. Limitless plains, rolling hills, mountains, mines, and forests, flowing streams, fish, flesh, and fowl — all, everything, without money and without price! Will the world ever again throw such a land at the heads of unappreciative pioneers? But then we did in many senses fully enjoy and appreciate it. We were in the heyday of glorious youth, and to many of us the attractions and enjoyments of nature, of many sports and adventure, had more charms than delving for gold in gloomy cañons. We had worked with success all of the previous year in the mines. Most of that time was passed in a deep, dark cañon, shut out from sunlight, except at mid-day. We had seen stalwart miners come into that gloomy cleft in the mountains, and, camping upon a ledge of the rocky sides, eagerly plunge into the roaring, icy waters of that mountain stream, risking their lives in hardy madness for the gold that lay glistening there. Months afterward, those who survived staggered out, emaciated, crippled, or diseased for life. But all had gold, however dearly bought. Coming to the conclusion

that the wealth did not justify the sacrifice, we had left before serious ill-health had ensued. The following lines tell the sad end of at least one noble fellow who died there:

UNKNOWN.

"His hours are numbered," the doctor said,
As he leaned o'er the dying miner's bed,
Kindly soothing his restless head.
"Last night," said the nurse, "he was raving to me
Of a waiting wife by some far-off sea;
Her sheeny hair in its braided fold
Glistened and gleamed like burnished gold —
The treasure for which his life was sold!"

A wanderer far in Western lands,
With furrowed brow and toil-stained hands,
He delved and dug in their golden sands.
E'en while the stars through darkness shone
And all else slept, he worked alone.
His nation, name, and friends none knew;
Courteous and just, his words were few:
With ceaseless toil his wealth still grew.

In that deep cañon, dark and lone,
That saw the suns but at their noon,
Dying he lay — with none to mourn.
Dishonest? A miser? That high-born face
And form bespoke the pride of race.
There was no token, writ, or line;
He spake no word, he made no sign.
He rests beneath the mountain pine.

There was time enough to accumulate the fortune we intended to "go home" with — for none of us then ever thought of remain-

ing long in this land. There were a few gray-headed, experienced men creeping in, who were already buying up Spanish land-titles, but the great majority was uncalculating youth. We would admire the scenery, and exclaim: "What a glorious site for a house!" "What a magnificent farm this would make!"—but we neither cared nor thought to make it our own by the mere taking.

Our little hunting-party was bound for the head-waters of Cache Creek, and, after a nap in the warm Autumn sun, we pushed off before a fair breeze that softly filled away our light sprit-sail. Lazily slipping up the winding creek, each turn brought into view flocks of mallard, canvasback, spoonbill, and red-heads, while teal and widgeon whistled past us constantly; snipe and rail ran along the banks, like barnfowl, seldom shot at then. We, in the most sportsmanlike manner, made only difficult wing shots, as we could not eat the birds killed. We were after larger game in the Coast Range Mountains. When the tide turned and the wind came out ahead, a landing was made at a pretty grove and a siesta taken. Sundown found us at the shallow head-waters, as far up as the light draught of our boat would premit. Duck

diet was already tiresome; so we had broiled coon-chops on toast for supper. We bagged cooney, and a coyote who had treed him, on the bank a mile below.

Up here in the foothills of the lofty Coast Range Mountains, the undulating ridges and valleys are, in a parklike way, covered with white, black, and live oaks, interspersed with madrone, laurel, and cottonwood. Higher up you meet the mountain products of spruce, pine, cedar, and giant redwood, with the fragrant undergrowth of flowering vines, wild nutmeg, and manzanita. It was an unusually brilliant sunset, even for California; from the disappearing orb great fan-rays of golden light diverged to the very zenith of the tinted sky. One small cloud only floated slowly in from beyond the sea, lingering as if reluctant to part with the vivid crimson hues the drowning sun cast upon its fleece from the sheen of his ocean bed. Long shadows pointed eastward from the tall trees, and gathering gloom lay in the shading hills. The dove's mournful mate-call alternated with the sharp, snappy bark of the coyote or shrill scream of the lion. Through the hushed stillness of twilight came that mysterious whispering of subdued sounds that, at such an hour and

place, seem the awing voices of nature's intuitions from another life.

It was well we decided to sleep again in the boat anchored in midstream, for the dogs were with difficulty restrained on shore. Even on board it was necessary to tie them, or they would jump overboard. As the great full moon lit up the edges of the eastern horizon, wilder cries of birds and beasts came off from the land, and the scene seemed to change weirdly under the growing silvery whiteness. The gamut of uncanny sounds, growling of the dogs, and occasional splashing of animals in the creek, for some time prevented our sleeping. But tired nature conquered, and at last we dropped off into slumber sought; for we were to stalk deer before light.

It must have been near daylight, for the moon was hanging low in the west, when we were awakened by the fierce springing and barking of the dogs. As they refused to be quieted, Swain raised up out of his blankets to see what so excited them. With an exclamation he seized his loaded gun, while at the instant something struck the boat so violent a blow as to nearly put her upon beam-ends. Swain quickly fired at what seemed, as I looked up, to be a lot of dry, white tree

branches, alongside the craft; the next instant the great body of an elk plunged toward the shore, tossing wildly his broad antlers. My double-barrel was loaded with buck and No. 6 bird-shot only, and both barrels quickly followed Swain's bird-shot. Of course, it was simply impulsive, non-effective, firing such charges, into the submerged rump of an animal as big as an ox. The elk quickly reached the shore and shadows, and we could hear him for several minutes as he crashed through the brush up the mountain-side.

We tracked him by his blood for several miles, in the morning. I had my rifle then, and Swain was loaded with wire-buck cartridge. On our return down the mountain, after our useless chase on the blood-trail of the wounded elk, we suddenly came upon a noble buck. Like a flash, he bounded away a couple of hundred feet, when he stopped, and, standing upon a rock, gazed at us in quiet curiosity. He was a noble-looking deer, as, posing like a statue upon the rock base, he presented, with his head turned sideways, a perfect shot behind the shoulder. Swain held his fire for a leap, in case I failed to put a rifle-ball through his lungs, but my heavy gun seldom failed me, especially at that distance,

and the buck dropped on the rock. The dogs were beyond restraint, and reached him before we could do so for the *coup de grâce* with the hunting-knife. He was game, and lunged savagely at the dogs with his sharp antlers, as I slipped up on the other side and gave him the steel. He weighed over one hundred pounds dressed; we swung the hind-quarters on a pole, and, between us, packed it down to the boat. No "hung" venison, garnished with seasoning, sauces, and the jellies of a French cook, ever had to me the flavor of a venison steak broiled on the camp-fire coals or roasted on a crop-stick. The loin, fried with a slice of salt pork, or bacon, and sliced onions, is not bad, if the form and order are democratic. But I suppose the healthy appetite really constitutes the relish.

Our dogs, a pointer and a Gordon setter, were not, of course, the proper animals with which to run to deer. Well-bred of their kind, as retrievers, they would not follow mute any trail. But it was not sought to make a big bag of deer only; we were out for any game and sport. There is nothing sportsman-like in wanton murder of passing birds and beasts. The animal satisfaction to the hunter is in combating valiant resistance by fight.

To slaughter more game-birds than you can dispose of would really not be as stimulating as wounding a hawk that glared at you with its fierce red eyes as he clutched your gun-barrel in defiant rage. Your true sportsman never wantonly kills food animals. He may slaughter savage beasts, because they are such, and for the exciting conflict it brings, with its spice of hardy danger; but he is never cruel or purposeless. This is a feature of refined intellect, perhaps the outgrowth of civilization; for the first instinctive lessons of nature in life are murder, rape, and theft. Everything living commits all of these crimes against moral law, man prominently included.

Doubtless, the influences of education and morality have created the distinctive sportsman I have endeavored to define out of the ghoul-like, prehistoric man. That individual in olden times shook out his lion-skin at daylight, spat upon his unsoaped hands, and with his little club took the life of everything he met between his cave and the orthodox church he attended. The animal man is better dressed in this age, eats his food cooked, gambles in stocks, and goes to law and the church; but he has never abandoned the three cardinal crimes he shares alike with everything

possessing vitality. But for "the survival of the fittest," this earth would be a crowded world.

But what has all this abstract philosophy to do with our recollections of an early hunting-trip? you very naturally ask. Truly, nothing; and I humbly apologize, my patient reader, for the uninteresting digression.

Back to the Sacramento River, down to the Georgiana Slough, Rio Vista, the San Joaquin Slough, we fished, shot, sailed, and rowed. Everywhere game. We were surfeited with it at last, and, before a strong southeast gathering gale, flew up the winding river back to Sacramento City. Our trophies of antlers and brushes attested our wonderful tales of mighty bags, and sent quite a flotilla of boats to the happy hunting-ground.

And thus even the allurements of gold-hunting in the early days of California often succumbed to the greater charm of gun and dog. There were men who dug and delved in mine and mart, who wondered then how precious opportunities for grasping wealth failed to absorb all thought, time, and purpose. Yet few who in the struggle gained great riches retained them, or live to-day to enjoy their

wealth. A competency and good health are more desirable than the burden of millions and premature old age. Gilded posterity is generally unappreciative and effete. One year of vigorous life in the bright sunshine of youth is more priceless in retrospect than the early mausoleum of a millionaire. Discomfort, deprivation, the unremitting thirst of the gold fever, augmented by ponderous ledgers, musty title-papers, and limitless greed, have filled our cemeteries alike with humble and gilded graves.

Where are the mighty hosts, the tens of thousands of stalwart youths who in the days of old streamed across the plains and oceans, their goal the golden land? All young, strong, enterprising,—else they had no business in the throng of brave hearts that dared the unknown wilderness and seething seas, to explore a *terra incognita*! The records of the Pioneer Society show scarcely one thousand of its old members now living. "Survival to the fittest" would seem to be proven by the yet erect and powerful physiques of the majority of these veteran founders of our State. Disappointments, vicissitudes of fortune, broken hopes and health have hurried many weary feet beyond the dark river; but these men could

say they lived and took part in more stirring and dramatic events than was ever before crowded into four decades of human existence.

This broad-shouldered, deep-chested regiment of the old guard who still survive owe their longevity to outdoor occupations and exercise. But few storekeepers are among them. The sunshine and the sea, the mountain, plain, and steed have tempered their iron frames and thews with Ajax-like defiance of time. Where else would you find such giants, intellectual and corporeal, as those among the pioneers of the Pacific Coast,—men equally at home in a log-cabin, the court of a king, or the forum of a nation's council? Dr. Gwin, Judge Semple, Peter Burnett, Senators Stanford and Broderick, Major Reading, Jacob Snyder, James Lick, Major Ormsby, Generals Halleck, Baker, Grant, Sherman—a thousand names and faces known and loved throughout our broad Union, were Pacific representative men. Look at their descendants,—for we have been permitted to live to see their second and third generations,—tall, manly, serious young men, eagerly embracing education, science, art, dauntlessly facing the battle of life; intelligent, kindly women, gifted with

health and a sweet grace of form and face, an irresistible charm of mind and manner already recognized as peculiarly Californian.

With her unlimited, successive, and varied productions, California, with hair of gold and teeth of pearl, eyes tinted with the azure of her clear skies, brow pure as the snow of her Sierras, her graceful form draped in the gold and purple of her fruit and flower-lands, stands the central figure in the galaxy of sister States, whose boundless Union spans a continent from sea to sea. Before prophetic vision the dim future unfolds, and higher still the world has placed fair California's throne; upon her crests of giant forests and leaping falls broad parks are spread — a mighty multitude convened; her fragrant valleys lie in ever verdant lines, in which are set the glittering spires and lights of ten thousand busy towns; like gems of a gleaming necklace, flash the mirroring waters of a myriad of lakes; the singing sea is white with foam-tossed prows of mighty craft that crowd her harbor piers; tallest and fairest in their godlike form her children stand, the acme of all that makes man perfect in body and in mind. Then, with something of the reverence that halos the memory of the founders of a State, pos-

terity may speak in wondering kindness of the quaint ways of Pacific pioneers—their revered ancestors, who mined for gold and fought with beasts known in wild traditions only. Wide will stand great temples of their religion, science, and charity, of education and of art, their untarnished, silvery walls of bright aluminum, reflecting the same sun, moon, and planets that now shine upon us in our little span of present life; but we shall be only as a memory!



The Owl

A WILD RIDE.

A WILD RIDE.

THE year 1859 found me in New York City again. I had passed the disagreeable months of the preceding winter in the South, traveling with some friends. Pleasantly worded letters of introduction to the Captain-General and to some of the wealthiest merchants and sugar-planters throughout the island of Cuba and the States of Louisiana and Mississippi, opened wide to us many hospitable doors and hearts.

Perhaps the superior attractions of our two lady companions had more than our letters to do with the gracious receptions everywhere accorded us. The ladies (relatives of my companion, Mr. H——,) were a fair young widow and her still fairer niece, who, reaching New York from Europe just after our departure, had joined Mr. H—— in Havana by a following steamer. Balls, bull-fights, processions, and fêtes were just then continuous for weeks, celebrating the victory of Spanish arms over the Moor. And, what with receptions, eques-

trian parties to the wondrous caves near Matanzas and to the incomparable Valley of the Yumeri, drives on the Calle de Isabel Segunda, to Moro Castle by the seaport entrance, operas at the Tacon Theatre, promenades upon the palace plaza, amid bewildering Spanish beauty and under the delightful influence of tropical scenery, ravishing music, and moonlit skies—the summer months were nearly upon us before we could rend the bonds of kindness and rescue the ladies from a cordon of Spanish admirers. Then we crossed the Caribbean Sea to New Orleans, and, again running the gauntlet of overwhelming hospitality extended by our Southern friends, made our way northward. The fleet and majestic steamer *Diana*, the pride of the Mississippi, took us up that king of rivers in the royal style that existed only in the South in the ante-bellum days.

In New York our party broke up. Sated with luxurious travel, and with a longing for wilder, rougher experience again, I determined to set my face once more toward the setting sun. Which route should I take back to California? Panama, the Horn, Nicaragua, Mexico, Tehuantepec—I had traveled them all, and now sought a new track.

While undetermined which to take, newspaper mention was made of the starting of the Butterfield Overland Stage Line. This was the pioneer overland mail-carriage, subsidized by the Government and supplanting the "Pony Express." The first stage was advertised to leave Syracuse, Missouri,—the then Western terminus of the railroad, thirty miles beyond St. Louis,—and to reach San Francisco in thirty-five days.

This was an excitement that measured my mood, and the following week found me in St. Louis, booked for a through seat, upon the payment of two hundred dollars.

Dashing away across those level pampas-roads behind six spirited horses, the first overland mail-coach started out from Syracuse upon its long trip across the continent of America. The cheers of a mighty crowd, waving of flags, and firing of cannon, gave us an enthusiastic send-off. Our schedule speed for the first week out was ten miles an hour, and, with frequent changes of horses and drivers, we came pretty near making it.

As I turned my back upon the East, and looked out over the bleak and limitless prairies hedged by the Western horizon alone, a sense

of utter loneliness oppressed me. Had I left the world behind me? For months it had been my sweet privilege, in the unrestricted companionship of travel, to look upon one fair face, to hear one sweet voice that I felt would not easily be forgotten. Would the wild excitements of the Far West neutralize the starlit tropical dreams, wreathed in the glamour of quivering palms, fragrant flowers, and subtile melody?

Down through Missouri, Arkansas, and across the shallow Red River, through the Indian Nation, rolled the elegant Concord coach, cheered at every little hamlet and village as the avant-courier of closer connection between the seas that, three thousand miles apart, wash the Oriental and Occidental shores of our broad republic.

Shortly after crossing Red River in Arkansas, we took aboard a party of four — two men and two women,—all French. We three men, who occupied the back seat, at once placed it at the disposal of these unexpected lady passengers and their escort. While politely acknowledging—in their own tongue—the courtesy, the party at once assumed an utter exclusiveness of manner and ignorance of English. The *patois* of the elder woman and

man proclaimed their Canadian origin. The younger man, of about thirty-five years, was evidently a Parisian—a haughty, supercilious fellow, who saw nothing but the young and handsome French girl he chattered to incessantly. But the bright black eyes of the girl saw everything. Evidently, she was fresh from some rural province in France, and hugely enjoying the novelty of border-life in this country.

“*Mon Dieu—c’est extraordinaire!*” was her constant exclamation.

Somewhere about here, we took on a typical border-man—a tall, handsome young fellow in boots and buckskin,—bound for his ranch in Texas. With Western familiarity, he was at once addressed as “Texas,” as I was saluted as “California.” The other two men were denominated by their destination, Arizona and Mexico. A few miles further, and a fat German-Jew boarded us.

It was raining, and this party—now all inside—filled the coach. “Dutchy,” as Texas at once irreverently called our two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Teutonic acquisition, insisted upon sitting at the door in the middle seat, and Texas discomfited himself in the middle, to give him the fresh air he wanted. It was

sultry and close already, but when the rain began to pour down in torrents, and it became necessary to close the windows, it was stifling.

The Americans passed around their flasks, joked, and told stories. The Frenchmen distantly rejected, in French, all approach at companionship, while Dutchy disagreeably growled at want of room and air. Informed by the driver that the French party were professional gamblers, it was not surprising that our handsome Texan was soon broadly returning the admiring glances of the pretty, vivacious French girl.

Texas was a blonde, with straight, aristocratic features, well browned and bearded, his gracefully curling hair falling upon his broad shoulders. His manly, well-developed figure, set off to advantage by the picturesque buckskin costume, long boots, and belted weapons, was one calculated, at any time, to attract a woman's attention. Besides all that, while he was evidently educated and well bred, there was an air of recklessness, an impulsive good-nature in every act and word.

By the time we took supper at a station near Texarkana, the Frenchmen were furious, and the woman demurely responsive, at the progressive flirtation between Marie and Tex-

as. Evidently the men regretted their asserted "No speak English."

We all wanted to smoke, but the presence of the women restrained us. Just then, Dutchy pulled an immense pipe from his pocket and, deliberately loading, proceeded to light and smoke it, despite the remonstrances of all. The "Mon Dieu!" of the women and the curses of the men only caused Dutchy to open his window to a torrent of rain and wind.

Suddenly, Texas snatched the pipe from his mouth and flung it through the window. Dutchy was disposed to fight, but was deterred by a general acceptance of responsibility by all of the men. After indulging in considerable abuse, which Texas good-naturedly returned, Dutchy slewed himself around with his back against the door, took a big pull at his flask, and grumbled himself to sleep.

His snoring was equal to trombone practice, and so annoying that Texas finally said: "We'll have to get shut of this porker." Quietly reaching behind Dutchy, he turned the door-catch nearly around. The next jolt the stage made, the door gave way, and out went Dutchy, heels over head, into the road. Texas at once sprang out, helped him up, and in a tone of bantering solicitude inquired if

he was hurt. Dutchy fairly foamed with rage, and charged us all with attempting to kill him. So violent was he that we would not allow him to re-enter the stage, insisting upon his riding outside, which he did to the next station, where he started off, the driver said, to get out warrants for the arrest of Texas and California, for assault. We stopped here but a few moments; the driver did not care to wait for anybody, he said, and so drove off, leaving Dutchy behind.

The flirtation between the French girl and Texas, by no means unobserved by her attendants, was warming to a dangerous temperature. The little attention of a wild flower, a helping hand, or an admiring glance, which the dashing Texas managed to give her, elicited oath-garnished rebukes in furious French.

The stage had—so the driver called out—rolled across the boundary line into the great State of Texas. It was nearing sunset, and the plain seemed alive with rabbits, antelope, and wild turkeys. In a low tree, quite near the road, sat an immense hawk. As we passed him and he slowly rose in flight, one of the men said: "There's a fine shot." Texas was sitting at the door-window upon that side. He pulled his pistol, and with a quick, chance

shot, knocked the great bird's head off. Unquestionably an excellent shot, he himself candidly admitted that chance had much to do with the decapitation. Nevertheless, it was noticed that the pretty French girl smiled approvingly and received less frowning censure.

As the dead bird's mate rose just beyond, Texas motioned to the girl to shoot it, at the same time tendering her his pistol. Instantly the younger Frenchman thrust the revolver aside, exclaiming, in excellent English: "D—n you, don't you address this lady!"

For a moment the men glared at each other, and then Texas, breaking into a laugh, quietly replaced the pistol in his belt.

"Well, Frenchy, you *do* speak English well enough to apologize at the next station," he said.

The Frenchman made no reply, but at once entered into a violent altercation with his companion. Above the woman's sobs, my limited knowledge of French enabled me to understand the fierce denunciations of the infuriated lover of Marie.

A half-hour of grim oppressiveness followed, and then the horn sounded our approach to a supper station. Both men were evidently

brave and determined to come together when the women should be out of the way. As the stage stopped, Texas sprang out first, and at once passed back of the station-house. I was about to follow, when the older Frenchman laid his hand upon my arm.

"I wish to speak with you, sir, immediately I escort these ladies to the house," he said, in English.

I bowed in reply, and in a minute he was again with me.

"Your friend Texas, he must give my friend the satisfaction — here — now!"

"Texas is a stranger to me — is simply my stage companion, as he is yours," I replied.

"But you are his countryman — you will act for him?"

"That depends upon his wishes," I replied. "After you have explained to him the blood-thirsty desires of your friend, I think Texas will know how to act for himself."

"I will see him," exclaimed the Frenchman, and he followed Texas behind the house.

In a few moments they returned together, and Texas called to me: "California, this fellow brings me a challenge from his partner to fight with pistols before we eat our supper. I'm ready. Will you act for me?"

Expressing my regrets at the serious turn affairs had taken, and finding compromise rejected by both parties, I reluctantly assented to his request.

"Now," said Texas, taking me aside, "these fellows are gamblers and not entitled to code recognition. There is a large empty corral back of the house; it has two gates opposite each other—north and south. Tell Frenchy to bring his fighting-man to the south gate, and you put me into the north entrance. Then, see that Frenchy don't interfere, and I'll fix the other frog-eater."

Returning to the elder Frenchman, I explained the conditions my principal demanded—a free fight to the death.

"No, monsieur; it is barbarous—impossible!" he replied. "I have the beautiful pistols made to fight the duel. We will fight only with these, like gentlemen, not with the revolver."

"No," I said, "Texas will fight your friend only in the way I've stated. If you don't accept, he will slap your friend's face before the ladies, and force him to use the revolver he carries. Texas knows your profession, and does not recognize you as gentlemen. Besides, we are the challenged party and have the choice of weapons."

For a moment rage made the Frenchman speechless; then he hissed through his teeth: "D—n the man! he shall be shot in the corral like the beast he is. I will instantly bring my friend to the south gate."

As he turned to go, I said: "One moment! —let us understand our position, also, in this affair. We are simply to see that our principals, when they once enter the corral by opposite gates, are to fight it out unmolested. Until, through agreement or death, they cease fighting, neither of us shall enter the corral. Any violation of this agreement will bring us into conflict, also. Do you clearly understand? Neither of us is to move from the outside of our gates, make a sign, nor utter a word. You must see that the women are kept away."

"Oui, je comprends," he replied, as he walked toward the house.

Whatever their profession, these Frenchmen were brave men, and it was with grave apprehensions of disaster that I returned to Texas, who remained by the north gate of the corral.

He had not much more than given me his address, and that of a friend to whom I was to write should he be killed, before we saw

the two Frenchmen approaching the opposite gate. These entrances were quite two hundred feet apart, the ground level and unobstructed. Throwing my handkerchief into the air as a signal, the two combatants entered almost simultaneously and opposite each other. They had their revolvers cocked, the Frenchman carrying his raised for a drop, while Texas held his by his side for a rising shot. Sheltered by the heavy gate-posts from flying balls, we seconds watched the principals, who cautiously walked toward each other across the broad corral. While the Frenchman, with upraised pistol and eyes gleaming malignant hatred, was edging sideways across the tract, Texas was carelessly and more rapidly approaching him with square front.

Suddenly the Frenchman dropped his revolver and quickly fired two shots. At the second discharge, Texas half-wheeled to the left and staggered. His exposed left arm was shattered near the wrist.

As if realizing his carelessness before, Texas now sprang forward several paces and fired. Almost at the same instant, the Frenchman's pistol again spoke, but neither was touched.

The blood was pouring from Texas's wounded arm as he again sprang several yards

nearer his antagonist, who paused, and they quickly fired together. The Frenchman's shot knocked off Texas's hat, but as yet the Frenchman was unhurt.

Then Texas dropped upon one knee and, resting his revolver across his wounded arm, fired with deliberate aim. His antagonist was at the moment also in the act of firing, but Texas's bullet reached his heart before he could press the trigger.

Throwing his arms wildly in the air, the Frenchman fell dead!

The firing had attracted all of the inmates of the station—not more than half a dozen. These, with the two Frenchwomen, quickly surrounded the fallen man. The driver had eaten his supper, fresh horses were in harness, and Texas and myself could only seize some food and jump into the coach, as the six wild mustangs started off on a fierce gallop. I also carried off the roller-towel and some shingles, to splint the broken arm.

The French party remained behind; we saw nothing more of them. Of their history, from the driver, an old Santa Fé trader, we heard much. He had known the men as hard cases for many years upon the border. The older woman dealt faro for them, while

the younger was doubtless a new acquisition. The men had a wide reputation for bravery and skill with weapons, and had killed many men. They were typical characters of that day—the well-dressed border tigers that met debauchery or death with equal nonchalance.

Owing to Indian troubles and a burned station, we were obliged to cross the Rio Grande just east of El Paso and go down into old Mexico for a day. There was a slight delay in getting horses; but, at a ranch, the usual six untamed mustangs were initiated into harness, and, after piling up in a heap a few times, started off on a dead run under the lash. The stations were supposed to be twenty-five miles apart, and the coaches to change horses at each place, but we could not always verify the supposition. Once started, the horses seldom relaxed their gallop until a steep mountain or the next station was reached. When willing to stop, the driver's cruel lash stung them onward again. Once a poor animal dropped dead, and we were obliged to assist the driver in reharnessing but four horses, turning the fifth one loose. We were now in thoroughbred mud-wagons. The mail-bags left scarcely room for our feet,

while the seats were narrow for three occupants each. Seated upon the outside end, I tied hay rope across to keep from falling against the wheel.

Up and down mountains, through valleys, streams and gorges, forests and deserts, on we rolled day and night, seldom stopping more than ten minutes at any station. Our approach to one was heralded by the horn; a fresh team was ready harnessed; our bacon and slapjack, with a bottle of coffee, ready for us to take into the stage, and the new and impatient driver's "All aboard!" left little margin of time. Twice only we had an opportunity to bathe—by stripping and jumping into a river we forded. There were no bridges.

The wearied gunner can sleep beneath his bellowing gun, the sailor amid the roar of ocean storm; but three on a seat in an open mud-wagon, tearing ten miles an hour through a wild country, is a situation calculated to set at defiance any such rest. Youth, health, and a trained endurance of loss of sleep in professional clinics, somewhat fortified me, but the extended suffering was intense and poignant beyond description. Greeley's wild ride down the Sierras with the famous

stage-driver, Hank Monk, was railroading to the bouncing we experienced. Three in a row, and actuated by the same instantaneous impulse, we would solemnly rise from our seats, bump our heads against the low roof, and, returning, vigorously ram the again rising seat we had incontinently left. You never encroached upon your neighbor, but upon waking you seldom failed to find him lying across you or snoring an apology into your ear. For we did sleep, somehow. The horribly weird feeling that accompanies the effort to resist slumber would give way for a few moments, and the blissful calm of a storm-tossed vessel gliding into quiet waters would fall upon our wearied senses. Often did I wake refreshed by a seeming sleep of hours of dreaming, to be told by my watch that minutes only had elapsed. One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep; and to prevent mischief to himself and others, we were obliged to strap him fast in the boot, and leave him at the next station.

Texas suffered acutely with his wound. One of the bones of the forearm was fractured by the Frenchman's ball, which also produced considerable laceration. With the shingles and roller-towel, I had improvised splints,

bandages, and a sling, kept wet by a bottle of water and some laudanum we found at a station. But for the jolting, he would have been tolerably comfortable. After the crazy man left, Texas was less crowded and more at ease. He got off about Deming. A brave and manly fellow, I was glad, years after, to meet him in California, when he renewed his expressions of friendship and gratitude for my friendly and surgical aid. He had become a staid and wealthy cattle-owner in Texas.

At midnight we stopped for twenty minutes at Tucson. The hotel bar was crowded with well-armed border men, one of whom slapped me upon the back and proved to be the Hon. Phil. Herbert, ex-Member of Congress, who shot a man in Washington, D. C. With him was ex-Judge McGowan, of Vigilante memory in San Francisco, and several other self-banished Californians. The departure hour of the stage only saved my sobriety or life!

Through Arizona, skirting the Colorado Desert, across the Yuma and Colorado Rivers, leaving the San Bernardino Mountains to our right—the northeast,—old Signal and Cocopa range to the southwest, onward we dashed, stopping briefly at Coyote Wells to drink reluctantly of its brackish water. Then, with

the setting sun just disappearing in the west as the great full moon appeared upon the edge of the eastern horizon, our gang of wild mustangs—now increased to eight—started on a keen run down into the broad basin of the Colorado Desert.

Like a white, still sea looked those boundless plains of sand by the silvery moonlight, unbroken, save by low *mesas* and clumps of mesquite, deerweed, and alfilaria, the browse of countless antelope and deer. Symmetrically washed mounds of stone and shell rose from the distant whitened surface, like islands in a sleeping lake. Weird and ghostly seemed the imperfect perspective; Luna's light, pictured by an awed imagination, shaped widespread cities, walls, and battlements, cresting distant shores and towering mountains. The shrieks and cries of wild animals and birds, the hurried panting of our horses, the dull grinding of the wheels through the sand, scarcely broke an oppressive stillness that seemed like the funeral silence of departed nations.

The breaking morning and burning sun wreathed the vast desert in a thousand gossamer veils of waving mist. Down toward the northward spur of the San Bernardino

Mountains, lay, greeting our eager eyes, a dainty bit of paradise — lakes, cascades, green meadows, and lofty shade trees; hills crowned with castles and towers, forests and grassy lawns, the enchanting scene seemed all that it really was — a beautiful, delusive mirage. And yet until, like a dissolving view, it faded into other shapes, it was difficult to believe it but an optical delusion.

Again struggling through another weary stretch of sand — the Mojave, — without water or food, and chewing leaden bullets to alleviate thirst, still we pressed on toward our goal.

As we reached the lower outskirts of the then modest town of Los Angeles, we were met by a delegation of its people, who welcomed us with cheers and gifts of wine, grapes, and melons. The sweetest melon or grapes ever stolen when a boy could never compare with the deliciousness of those fruits that washed down the desert dust of the Mojave!

One half-hour for the first Christian meal since leaving Arkansas, and we were off, in a fine Concord coach with six prancing steeds, for San Francisco. By way of San José and up the San Mateo Road, just thirty-seven and a half days after leaving Syracuse, Missouri, we dashed into San Francisco. Mr. Alvord,

vice-president of the first overland stage-line, met and greeted us outside the city limits. I much fear that at that time we failed to appreciate his courtesy. Just then we were happy to arrive, and could admire almost anything—except a stage and a stage-company's president.



Volcano of Ometepe, Lake Nicaragua.

WITH WALKER.

WITH WALKER.

BY the Nicaragua Transit Company's steamer *Sierra Nevada*, leaving San Francisco in the winter of 1855, I took passage for the East.

In those days the arrival and departure of the ocean steamers via Panama and Nicaragua were the events of the coast, and especially of the city of San Francisco. That city fairly emptied itself upon the wharf on such occasions. The swinging arms of the gaunt frame upon Telegraph Hill, announcing the entering of the steamer from Panama, had added the last man to the dense crowd upon the pier and shore.

Among the departing Nevada's passengers, were several prominent and wealthy men of California and New York City, including Mr. Garrison, Edmund Randolph, Crittenden, and others interested in Nicaraguan affairs. The democratic, or liberal, party of that republic, which had enlisted in its civil war the services of Walker and his "American phalanx" of

Californians, had defeated the insurgents and apparently restored peace. That government was now inviting immigration.

Quite a large organized body of men, escorted on board by delegations of friends and firemen, added to the more than usual excitement attendant upon the steamer's departure. Above the sizzling steam sounded the hoarse commands of the officers, the last mail-bag was tossed aboard, the gang-plank hauled ashore, and the order to "cast off the lines forward" given.

Some well-known "fire Jakey" was going away, and a number of friends upon the wharf had onions strung around their necks as tear-provocative testimonials of their grief at parting. The steamer listed landward, with the passengers all upon the dock side. Big Jakey was conspicuous next the wheel-house and apparently totally unconscious of a big "4" chalked upon his back. All shouting good-by, the ardent enthusiasm of friends knew no bounds. Jakey was pelted first with the onions that had failed in their lachrymal intent, then with oranges and potatoes; and, finally, a fat friend threw a big gull's egg at the good-natured fellow, which covered him with its viscid, fishy contents.

Jakey stood leaning over the rail, good-naturedly taking everything that reached him. If the egg was more than his capacity, none could tell. He smiled in a sickly way, while he strove to shake off this last foul memento of California friendship. The fat man who threw it reached over the edge of the dock and, with apologies, aided in scraping off the offending missile. As the steamer moved slowly from the pier, Jakey, who was a great, powerful fellow, reached over the rail and clasped his fat friend in his arms. In vain the latter struggled; Jackey held him suspended over the steamer's side for a few moments, and then, when she cleared the wharf, dropped him into the bay. Of course, one of the many boats picked him up, but the crowd enjoyed the retaliation more than the fat man.

Then some one called out, "Good-by, Colonel!" and seventeen men took off their hats, with a military flourish, and responded, "Good-by, old fellow!" "Good-by, General!"

By this and previous steamers, many prominent citizens and capitalists of California went down to participate in what was then believed imminent — the Americanization of

the Republic of Nicaragua. Among these were Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, one of California's pioneers, a talented lawyer and eloquent speaker; Captain Sutter, a son of our pioneer General John A. Sutter; Edmund Randolph, the prominent and able lawyer; Frank Turk, ex-president of the Board of San Francisco Alderman; Commodore Garrison's son William, Captain B. D. Fry, Ed. J. Saunders, Jesse G. Hambleton, Charles H. Turnbull, Samuel C. Austin, Dr. Wing, Parker H. French, Captain William A. Bushnell, John Brady, Captain Barney Wolfe (afterward secretary of the Court Commissioners in San Francisco), Dr. Jones, Colonel Charles H. Gilman, W. Williamson, and hundreds of others.

These names are but a few of those leaving California to join the rising fortunes of General Walker in Nicaragua. So eager were many to set their feet upon the new American territory, that they paid through fare to New York rather than miss getting to Nicaragua.

At Virgin Bay, the western *embarcadero* of Lake Nicaragua, among the Eastern passengers *en route* for California, I found an agent of the Honduras M. and T. Company. He was going into the Segovia Mountains to look after the company's mining operations, and I

decided to remain and accompany him, as I had similar interests there. It was a rash and unfortunate resolve, for the delay subsequently involved me in many perilous diversions from my original plans.

The Republic of Nicaragua was at that time torn asunder by the dissensions of the two political parties. Resort to arms had followed an attempted election for president, and the democratic party in power had called into its service, by liberal immigration laws and land grants, many Americans. Most of these men were from the Southern States, and unfortunately displayed too early an eagerness to reconstruct the government, under American auspices, into a slave-holding community. As miscegenation existed in an unlimited extent throughout the country, especially among the lower classes, the proposition to re-introduce a bondage their ancestors had broken under the Spanish crown generations before suddenly reunited the native element as against a common foe — the aggressive, enslaving Yankee.

General Walker was commander-in-chief of the army of Nicaragua, with a force of about fifteen hundred Americans and three thousand native troops.

The city of Granada was the capital of the

republic and headquarters—a lovely city of ancient churches, imposing *casas*, and interesting ruins. It seems slumbering in the evening of its old, worn life, so full of vicissitudes of grandeur, ruin, and blood. Pleasantly sloping downward to the edge of the majestic Lake Nicaragua, it lies at the foot of a volcano, which, after a quietude of two centuries, has recently erupted and again destroyed La Ciudad de Granada.

To travel by land around the great lakes in war times, and with the hatred then felt for *los diablos Americanos*, was not to be thought of. We could only wait for an opportunity to reach Granada when a steamer might go with mails or troops.

Virgin Bay is a slight indentation in Lake Nicaragua, at the west end of water navigation of the transit route. The town then consisted of the large two-story house occupied by the transit company's agents, the warehouse, a small wharf and hotel, and about fifty small buildings and native huts. The accommodations for passengers *en route* were as nothing. They usually passed directly through, stopping only long enough to load up with tropical fruits, birds, monkeys, and other mementos of the country.

In his book, "The War in Nicaragua," Walker gives the following description of an attack on the steamer *La Virgen* by the native hostile troops:

"After the passengers from California returned to Virgin Bay from Granada, and while they were waiting at the former place for an opportunity to pass down the river to San Juan del Norte, a body of soldiers from Rivas entered the village, and firing indiscriminately, killed three of the passengers (American citizens) and wounded several others, rifling at the same time the pockets of those who were killed. The house of the Accessory Transit Company was broken into and plundered; and the agent, Mr. Cushing, was taken a prisoner to Rivas, whence he was released only after a payment of a fine of two thousand dollars.

"Nor were the passengers from New York less unfortunate than those from California. The Legitimist commandant at San Carlos fired a twenty-four-pound shot into the steamer as she passed from the river to the lake, killing a woman and her infant, and taking away the foot of another child. In such a state of affairs it was foolish, of course, to attempt to pass into the river with the California passengers. They, therefore, returned to Granada until some means might be found for passing safely to San Juan del Norte; and at the same time news was brought to Walker of the events of Virgin Bay and on the lake."

Deep indignation prevailed among all Americans and foreigners at this brutal and cowardly attack upon unoffending and unarmed passengers in transit, persons in no wise connected with the conflicts of the country.

There were but two steamers upon the lake—La Virgen and the San Carlos. Captain William A. Bushnell, now of the steamer Piedmont on the Oakland ferry, in California, was then in command of this Nicaraguan lake navy—for these steamers were armed with cannon. One of these vessels fortunately arrived upon the following day, and, as volunteer surgeon caring for the wounded, the writer abandoned all intent of penetrating the country, and accompanied the California Eastern-bound passengers in their attempt to pass into the San Juan River and reach the Atlantic board.

The steamer San Carlos, with the Eastern passengers, had been fired upon by Fort San Carlos, with deadly effect. The steamer La Virgen, with our party, met her upon the lake an hour after this outrage. The San Carlos's passengers were transferred to our steamer, to be conveyed to the hospital at the island of Omatepe, while the San Carlos, bore away to Granada to inform Walker and the Rivas government of the situation upon the transit route.

There were nearly one hundred passengers bound for New York, and nearly three hundred—half of whom were women and chil-

dren—upon their way to California. The steamers were each poorly provisioned—for three days only—with ham, beans, salt pork, hard bread, tea, and coffee. We numbered about four hundred souls, nearly one-quarter of whom were sick or wounded. A druggist among the passengers for California had a small medicine-chest, which, with his valuable services, he placed at my disposal, while I had but a pocket surgical case for treatment. The *vomito* and yellow fever, which had just appeared in the country, had attacked the passengers, many of whom had freely partaken of unripe fruits.

Arriving off the island of Omatepe, a canoe hailed the steamer with the information that the enemy had captured the hospital. Judging from this, and the suspicious appearance of the shore, that it would be unsafe to land, the steamer started to return to Virgin Bay. There, by aid of the telescope, we could, from a distance, see the enemy in possession and training a cannon upon the shore for our reception.

This was the third day upon the lake with this unhappy crowd of men, women, and children, subsisting upon short rations of moldy biscuits, beans, and tea without sugar or milk.

The medicine, also, was exhausted, as was the strength of most of those who had not yet succumbed to sickness. As few bodies as possible were thrown overboard during daylight,—at first with some show of burial service, but later with unceremonious dispatch.

The devoted little druggist, worn out by his untiring labor in relief of the suffering, fell ill and died within four hours. Some of the drugs he had generously parted with to relieve the sufferings of others might have lessened his own last agonies. There was not even mustard, vinegar, salt,—nothing to alleviate the sufferings or sustain the strength of the dying mortals. The firewood fuel of the steamer was nearly exhausted, and she dare not risk being captured by landing to secure more. Words fail to picture the extremity of misery to which the occupants of that unfortunate vessel were reduced.

As the fiery rays of the tropical sun overhead were reflected back from the hot, glassy surface of the lake, the poor wretches vainly called for a cool drink as they struggled in the agonies of death. The imprecations of men, the prayers of women for help to save their children, the shrieks and groans—God of heaven, it was a floating Golgotha!

And we who strove to aid these afflicted ones had no longer even words of consolation to offer; we were speechless from fatigue and weak from fasting. Twice every night—just after dark and before daylight—the captain, the purser, myself, and two of the crew, or passenger volunteers, would go the rounds of the ship, and, from staterooms, pantries, cabin settees, forecastle, and deck, gather and throw overboard the cold, loathsome, distorted bodies. It was for me to examine and decide if they were dead. If so, attempts at recognition, with memorada of names and descriptions of persons and effects, were made by the captain and purser; then the attendants quietly dropped the bodies over the sides.

Only those who have passed through war, pestilence, and famine can realize the depths of human misery. The sufferings engendered by any one of this trinity of unholy horrors, when inflicted upon men only, is enough for humanity to bear. But when the ghastly trio of death-fiends flap their dark, grewsome wings over the heads of helpless women and piteous children, heaven support the hearts of strong men who must look on, unable to afford relief!

On the third night we held a consultation,

and the captain decided to run up to and lay off San Jorge, while he sent a boat ashore to secure quietly in the darkness a load of the cordwood cut and stored there for the steamer. Then, after again reconnoitering Omatepe, if the enemy had possession, we were to go to Granada. Under happier circumstances, the picturesque and graceful tropical scenery of Lake Nicaragua would have awakened admiration; but now its gorgeous drapery of melting sky-tints and slowly shifting shadows seemed a bitter mockery to the madly suffering humanity who, in the Hades-like horrors of that vessel, cursed and cried aloud: "My God, Thou hast deserted Thy servant in the midst of his extremity!"

The brassy midday sun melted into burnished gold as, sinking slowly amid the richly colored clouds of the western horizon, another day was ended. La Virgen, lying almost motionless upon the burnished surface of this inland sea, reflected in its mirrored surface every outline of her form. The long, grim smokestack cast a darkened shadow athwart the gently quivering streak her white sides showed inverted upon the water. The shadowed outlines of flagstaff, rail, and rod lay unbroken, save when some spangled fish would

draw a line of lurid phosphoric fire. Flocks of gay-plumed waterfowl swept past us, going northward to Lake Managua. The tall, graceful *garcia* (heron) curved his crested neck as he dressed his bright pink plumage. The white sea-pigeon swayed aloft or skimmed the water, searching for ship's food. Now and again an alligator would crawl quietly down the shore and hide his hideous shape in the closing waters.

We were lying off the west side of the island of Omatepe at the time, endeavoring again to determine more definitely the safety of the place and hospital. A perfect cone, three thousand feet high, the extinct volcano of Omatepe gracefully rises near the center of Lake Nicaragua, probably formed by the *débris* of lava and ashes emitted when, centuries ago, the volcano was in a state of eruption. A broad plateau, miles in extent, forms a symmetrical base, sloping toward the water on all sides. Of the richest possible soil, this plateau, and partly the mountain, are covered with a forest growth of the valuable woods of the country. Toward the summit, the upper third to the apex, the peak assumes the variegated colors of its rocky formation. In the early dawn and twilight, these tints seem at a

distance to blend into a delicate pink blush, which lights up the surrounding placid waters with a soft, rich glow.

A tribe of civilized and industrious Indians, named for the island, cultivate much of the land in maize, cocoanuts, chocolate, bananas, and indigo. Owing to its isolated and healthy location, a government hospital had been established on the island. We had hoped to obtain food, medicine, and medical aid there, but were disappointed. The enemy had captured the hospital, and we dared not land. Then it was that the steamer's bow pointed toward Granada, as she slowly divided the gleaming waters that seemed hungering for more victims.

Daylight of the fourth day brought Granada in sight off the starboard bow. The government authorities were not particularly pleased at the steamer leaving the transit line without orders, nor at the addition of plague-stricken people to those already attacked by the diseases in Granada. But Captain Bushnell's representation of the situation was irresistible, and the passengers were landed through an indifferent form of quarantine.

A SURGEON'S EXPERIENCE.

A SURGEON'S EXPERIENCE.

ALL were worn and few were well on board the steamer La Virgen, as she wearily dropped anchor off the stately city of Granada. The many church-bells were discordantly clanging, bugle-calls were ringing, and drums rolling. General Walker was preparing to retaliate for the inhuman slaughter of the passengers by native troops under General Estrada.

The *cholerin*, which had previously raged elsewhere in the republic, had reached Granada, where it developed into the more formidable type of Asiatic cholera.

There were now several hundred passengers *en route* detained at Granada, mostly men. Few were comfortably situated. In parties, occupying buildings assigned them by the authorities, they messed and lived together as best they could. Many were entirely without means, and not a few were forced to enter the service of the Rivas government or starve. There were a number of physi-

cians among them, but few with cholera experience.

The sweep of death's scythe was so swift and broad that a panic seemed to prevail, and yet there was no escape. Walker would grant no passports to leave the gates, outside of which, because of guerrillas, it was not very safe for Americans to go.

Six weeks passed, and again the transit route was open. Steamers came and went, but with diminished numbers of through passengers,—for it was now known in the East and in California that the cholera and yellow fever were raging in Nicaragua.

The writer found in Granada many old friends from both California and the East, and lingered longer than he had intended. William C. Young, who started the first express and was the first man married in Sacramento in 1849; Dr. Phinney, a prominent physician then and there; Dr. Wing, of El Dorado County, and scores of others, died of the terrible scourge.

Dr. Moses, a prominent medical man of New York City, became the surgeon-general of the army. As surgeon of public medical institutions in New York City in earlier years, when the writer was a medical student, Dr. Moses

had been his friend. Later,—in 1847,—when the doctor was appointed surgeon of the First New York Regiment of Volunteers for service in the Mexican War, he desired the writer, still a youthful student, to be appointed his assistant.

Dr. Moses warmly welcomed his favorite pupil of the past, and at once pressed him into medical duty. There seemed no honorable way to refuse, particularly when Dr. Moses himself broke down with overwork and was threatened with cholera.

Medical men are proverbially bad patients; and even Dr. Moses, with all his experience, was no exception. The doctor persuaded the writer to accept the position of acting surgeon-general while he ran up to New York on a recuperating trip of a month. He did not return—was too ill, he wrote. And thus it was that I entered the Spanish-American service.

In his "War In Nicaragua," Walker says:

"Meanwhile, the cholera had appeared at Granada. The disease seemed to select those officers who were most capable and useful, and there were suspicions that the people of the town, mostly Legitimists, were not entirely ignorant of the cause which produced the deaths of leading Americans. Among the first victims of the disease were Captain Davidson and Colonel Gilman; and the death of the latter was a severe loss. Then Captain

Armstrong and Major Jesse Hambleton passed away. The deaths finally became daily, and the frequent sound of the dead march, as the funeral escorts passed through the streets, began to exercise a depressing effect on the troops. The surgical staff was inexperienced, and the services of some volunteers were valuable. Dr. James Nott was the most efficient of these; and many a Nicaraguan who owed his life to this surgeon's kind and skillful attention regretted his departure and mourned his death, which occurred on the passage from San Juan del Norte to New Orleans. It was only after the arrival of Dr. Israel Moses, early in February, 1856, that the surgical staff was well organized and its duties well performed. He gave such order and system to this department of the army that the good effects of his administration were felt long after he ceased to act as surgeon-general. Indeed, it is safe to say that after the appointment of Dr. Moses few military hospitals were better administered than the hospitals at Granada and Rivas."

George Wilkes, the pioneer of the sporting press of New York, also contracted cholera at the same time. He was a delightful companion, brave, and assisting everywhere in the care of the sick. But he was as bad as the doctors, when hit. Scrupulously elegant always in dress, he tore the diamond studs from his shirt-front, and gave them, with his watch and ring, to me for his wife. He knew he was "going to die." But he did not, and I saw him off with the doctor; and, like him, he never returned to Nicaragua.

Well, I did not much blame them when,

later, exposure, fatigue, and overwork made me an easy conquest for "Yellow Jack."

I lay in the front ground-floor room of good Niña Yrena's house, upon the plaza, with nothing to watch for except death and the only Yankee mule-cart in the town, which at sunrise and sunset rolled by, loaded with uncoffined corpses. There was a grim humor in the anticipation of its possible personal use in the near future.

Then there were other entertainments, chiefly of a military character, which could be seen through my window, upon the plaza. Constant drilling of troops, beating of drums, and bugle-calls at the barracks opposite, were all calculated to increase a nervous disturbance. Several times there were military executions—men shot upon the plaza.

These cumulative comforts culminated in impending delirium. Begging my kind nurse, Niña, to allow nothing to be given me but the native hot herb-treatment, I knew nothing more for three long days, during which this true woman cared for me like a sister.

After my recovery, I never saw her again until eight years ago, before the railroad was completed from the Pacific port to the capital of the Republic of Guatemala. I was one

of half a dozen passengers in a dilapidated *diligencia* that stopped for breakfast—by courtesy, the driver said,—at quite an elegant private *casa hacienda* near Esquintla. After an unusually good meal I promenaded the *patio*, smoking and waiting for the *diligencia* to start. A gray-haired, aristocratic-looking lady lay in a hammock, with a small table near by, on which were her chocolate and cigarettes. Raising my hat in ordinary salutation, I passed on to the end of my walk. Repassing her, she was sitting up, honoring me with a decided stare. Then she rose to her feet, and said: “Your pardon, señor; you are a doctor? Your name—Dr. Tucker? *Por Dios*, it is *el General-Médico!*”

It was Niña Yrena.

There was but little time left in which to tell all her sorrows, as the stage would soon depart. Her espousal of the cause of the Americans had gained her the enmity of the native leaders after the war was over in Nicaragua. Then her daughter showed signs of consumption, and she had removed to these higher and healthier altitudes in Guatemala, where the child had died.

“And now, in my old age, with every comfort around me, I am sad and lonely, living

only in the memory of the past, and in the hope of a future life."

"Why not travel abroad," I replied, "and seek diversion in other scenes?"

"How could I leave my daughter's grave?" she said. "No, I shall wait here; for we must rest together."

Passing onward, I left the faithful woman with her dreams and her dead, and never saw her more.

But this is digressing from my Nicaraguan narrative, and I must again turn back to that much afflicted land. Amid those scenes of war, sickness, and death, there were many lighter shades of pathos and humor. One of the characters of Granada just about this time was "Little Dr. Sanders," as he was familiarly called. Less than five feet in height, handsome as a picture, and shaped like a miniature Adonis, the rollicking, kindly, merry little doctor was a favorite with everybody, and particularly so with the women.

Always ready for a fight or a fandango, even the sentries passed "Little Doc Sanders" as a privileged person. As an officer, he was entitled,—particularly as a surgeon,—to the password; but he seldom troubled himself to

obtain it. Returning toward morning from some convivial entertainment outside the lines, he came through the woods singing, and was halted by the sentry, a new German recruit, unacquainted with the dainty doctor.

"Who combes dere?" demanded the vigilant guard.

"It's all right; it's me—little Doc Sanders."

"Halt!" was the sentry's unexpected order.

"Tell you it's all right—little Doc Sanders," was the reply, as *el chiquito doctor* continued to advance.

Click! went the Dutchman's gun, as he cocked and brought it up to his hip: "Halt, little Doc Sanders, or I shoots!"

This menace was too positive to be disobeyed, and the doctor, with a torrent of unpunctuated invective, halted.

"Advance and give the countersign," demanded the correct soldier, with leveled bayonet.

"D—n the countersign! Nobody wants the countersign from me—little Doc Sanders."

"Vell, you stays here, little Doc Sanders, until guard relief, and if you cusses me for a Dutchmans more as already, I makes you mark time."

It was no use for the doctor to curse or

argue; the sentry was angry and held the situation. Little Dr. Sanders had to mark time in the broken moonlight that streamed between the trees. About-faced from the inexorable sentry, with the point of the bayonet in unpleasant proximity to his person, the elegant little doctor was made to shuffle his feet for two mortal hours until the relief detail came. Then the corporal of the guard released him. For weeks, upon the streets, the salutation given him was, "Mark time, little Doc Sanders!"

The gallant little doctor took the road that many then traveled—to death. Reckless and confident in his belief of endurance, the fever brought the "Yankee mule-cart" to his door one evening, and at his grave the writer was—as at those of many other friends—the only mourner. The clematis and vanilla vines climb and blossom above many lonely and unmarked mounds in that far-off southern land; brave, buried hearts, that once felt every manly impulse, withered in an hour's grasp of the cold, relentless plague!

Among the many well-known politicians in the earlier days of San Francisco was Frank Anderson. He was a gallant fellow

and a brave soldier. Serving first in the Mexican War, he was also with the "American Phalanx" in all the battles in Nicaragua, where he was wounded in every engagement.

Walker and his retiring forces fell back upon Granada, after the second desperate battle at Rivas,—his attempt to dislodge three thousand Costa Ricans with four hundred Americans. Unable to transport them, the fatally wounded were placed within the altar sanctuary of the Catholic church evacuated by the Americans, but not a single one ever lived to tell their fate. Native women of Rivas told, in horror-held breath, of murderous atrocities perpetrated upon these helpless wards of war by their cruel victors. Let us hurry by such painful atrocities. The little surviving party came straggling back to the city of Granada, their weary return encumbered by wounded, fording the Gil Gonzales and Ochomogo Rivers, and reaching Nandaime, where aid from Granada found them. Walker lost nearly half his men, while the Costa Ricans were said to have reported nearly six hundred put *hors de combat*.

Exhausted with care of the wounded, and glad to lie down for an hour, the writer was awakened at daybreak by dull blows upon his door. It was cautiously opened, to find poor

Frank Anderson, weak and stiff with gore, lying against the threshold. Fallen from his tired mule, he appeared dying as I got him into the house. Even *aguadiente*, the native liquor of the country, was then scarcely obtainable. All my whisky was gone; only a small bottle of brandied peaches remained, and hastily opening it I gave Anderson a drink of the brandy and a piece of bread. "More," was all the poor fellow could whisper, until he made away with all. Then he slept, even while I bathed and dressed his painful wounds. For years after, in California, his password to me was "Peach-brandy." Again severely wounded in the War of the Rebellion, his health finally gave way, and he, too, is now at rest.

Lieutenant Jamieson, recently Adjutant-General of Missouri, and a gallant officer in the late Civil War, was also seriously wounded in the second battle of Rivas. A popular, dashing young lieutenant, named Gay, one of thirteen volunteers in a desperately brilliant charge across the plaza of Rivas and under heavy fire, was among the mourned. He was a Californian.

Septic poisoning of wounds in these tropical countries, where everything seems teeming

with vitality, was more to be dreaded than the wounds themselves. Without antiseptic precautions, wounds exposed for a few hours became filled with veritable maggots! The natives fall back upon their solace, tobacco, for a remedy. A patch of wet tobacco, placed in the wound, will generally kill the wriggling parasites, the man often following, through the inflammation induced.

A soldier was brought to the hospital with an arm twice the size of his thigh. He insisted that something moved in the limb, greatly increasing his sufferings. At the point of pain I cut down to the *periosteum* (the bone-covering), and out squirmed a magnificently colored green-and-crimson worm, an inch in diameter and three and a half in length. Had the man been stung, and the ovum of some insect inserted while he slept upon the ground?

Hammocks are generally used to sleep in; but even then, scorpions, bats, serpents, or bugs,—vile things, winged and creeping,—will find you out. The fancied log upon which you would sit by a stream may prove an alligator; the variegated stick or stone, a snake or bug; gnats, mosquitoes, fleas, jiggers, toads, vipers, scorpions, and vampires,—by day and by night something is seeking to prey upon you.

As you leave the level of the seas and great lakes in Central America, and ascend the mountain steppes of the towering Cordilleras, which look out upon both oceans to the East and to the West, you leave the land of palm and cocoanut, of miasmatic swamps and impenetrable jungles of interlaced *Uañas*, and pass through interminable forests of great rubber, ronron, rosewood, and boxwood trees. The tops of these mountain plateau forests are densely overlaid with a growth of parasitical plants, forming a roof so thick that scarcely a ray of sun comes through. In the occasional openings that occur as you journey on in this weird, dim light, you can look down upon a plateau passed, as upon a highly cultivated garden. Exotics of the richest tints and odors, orchids too rare and delicate in form and texture for transportation, cover in one gorgeous, fragrant expanse the tops of the forests below. Gradually, as you ascend beyond the tropical line and find the lightning-blazed pines, the deadly malaria, animals, and insects are left to the lower altitudes of Nicaragua.

But we have again journeyed away to other subjects. Let us return once more to war-torn

Granada for a pathetic incident of its suffering people.

Among the many dashing, desperate spirits that had gathered about Walker's standard of the "American Phalanx," conspicuous for grace of form, face, and genial character, was—Will Graham, I shall call him.

Connected with the oldest and wealthiest families in Pennsylvania, splendidly educated, and naturally brilliant, it seemed as if nature had sought for and found a physical setting worthy of so polished an intellect.

Truly, "the gifts of the gods are unequally bestowed." That axiom was illustrated in the case of Graham. There seemed no superior quality of mind or person unpossessed by him. Demi-blond in type, regular of features, form divinely fair, a clear, big, brown-eyed look of candor, sunny and enthusiastic in temperament, it was no wonder he was a universal favorite among men and women. More than one pair of dark Spanish eyes admiringly followed the graceful figure of "El Capitan Guillermo," as his horse dashed across the plaza on parade.

That his past and present career was unsaintly,—that he had done all a man can and will do in the bitter stream where wine, wom-

en, cards, and dissipation play their part, was to be expected. Men in such situations may surmise something of each other's antecedents, but generally wisely refrain from inquiry of causes.

Byron says: "Man to man so oft unjust, is always so to women,"—and handsome, honest, and gallant as appeared Will Graham, he was untrue to one devoted Spanish girl, whose life and soul were his alone.

In some wild raid, at the head of his troop, Will had seen the beautiful and gentle Juanita on her father's indigo plantation. He was an adherent of the opposite party—an enemy. Speaking the language sufficiently well to back up his ardent and graceful persistence, he induced the girl to fly with him at once from her father's house.

It was the old, old story. Picturesque and lovely beyond description, the madly fond girl rode by her inconsiderate lover's side as they entered the gates of Granada—gates she never repassed again.

Insincere and treacherous as may be the character of the men, the women of Spanish blood is seldom untrue to the man she loves. Distrusted, confined within the walls and grated windows of her father's house, seeing no

man save her father-confessor alone, a *mariage de convenance*, unsuitable and unloving, is thrust upon her. Then, when the freedom of social contact with other men follows, she avenges her natural right of selection withheld, and proves all that is charged against a Donna Inez. "True in love, false in bonds," is often whispered where the tropic fervors glow.

Graham had nothing—absolutely nothing. But what cared he or she for that? Their exquisite contrast of respective loveliness made them the cynosure of all admiring eyes.

His companions, with indelicate freedom, congratulated Graham upon his successful forage, while the women, old and young, criticised without charity the situation of an impulsive, loving girl. "Atiende, mira! la niña de Señor Gonzales de la hacienda progreso. Caramba!"

Down on the Calle del Flores, quite near the edge of the great lake, lived Juanita. For a few weeks, the bare walls of the adobe *casita*, shaded by the broad banana leaves, was to her a paradise,—for it contained the idol of her first unmeasured adoration. Lovely as Psyche in face and figure, the girl had been highly trained in literature and many accomplishments. All that talented fathers and sisters

of the Catholic faith could impart or wealth secure had been poured upon an unusually intelligent mind.

And now she had sacrificed home, family, wealth, for the uncertain and unbound love of a handsome stranger. His pay was a mere pittance and his own wants many. Strange hands contributed, in neighborly kindness, all they possessed to eke out the simple necessities of life. To her it was—with performance of all the menial toils to which she had been unaccustomed—an elysium, so long as he loved and was with her. Then the time came when the drill, the bivouac, the forage raid were excuses for his absence, and she was left alone and in want—when woman most craves support and sympathy.

One day, his troop was ambushed and their captain badly wounded. Before he was brought into the city gates, the deadly cholera seized upon the unhappy man, already weakened by loss of blood. The disease did its work rapidly. When I saw him, an hour after his return, he was already in the last collapse stage of the disease, and barely able to speak.

There was no margin for the slightest hope. Out in the cold moonlight, where the broad

waving plantain-leaves beat to the measure of the lake breeze, like funeral plumes, she heard that verdict. Without a word, the poor stricken child dropped to her knees, and with her crucifix pressed to her heart, prayed deep and fervently.

Then she rose and said: "Señor Doctor, you have been kind to us. For him and for myself, accept all I can give you,—our sincere thanks. Let us go in to him, Doctor; I hear him moaning."

I tried to dissuade her from returning to nurse him, and showed her how her own life—a double life—was jeopardized, but it was all useless.

"What have I—or my child—to live for when he is dead? It would be better if we could all die together now, Doctor!"

She returned to his side, while I mused alone, upon this incomprehensible, sacrificing, human love. Re-entering the *casita*, when I reached the dying man she was kissing the deadly sweat from his brow—the poisonous foam from his gasping lips. The handsome Captain William Graham was dead.

With her arms twined about her beloved dead and her bowed head pillowed upon his unresponsive breast, the devoted girl passed

the night, courting the death that came to her before another moon had set.

There, beneath the plaintive plantain-trees, whose leaves whispered a subdued requiem above their grave, all that was left of two young beings, fashioned in the most perfect mold of their Creator, gave up their earthly beauty to eternal dust. Upon her fair bosom, rounded into the sweet outlines of perpetuating life, I placed her crucifix with reverential care.

If the laws of church or state could close the gates of heaven upon a heart so pure and trustful, so natural and so brave, surely an appeal to that Saviour who pardoned the Magdalen would gain her admission among the forgiven ones.

GLIMPSES OF GUATEMALA.

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STRANGELY enough, nobody acquainted with the country and its language appears to know the exact meaning of the word *Guatemala*. As nearly as the writer could ascertain, it is a compound word of Indian and Spanish dialects,—*guata*, in the Indian dialect, meaning a kind of coarse grass; and *mala*, Spanish for *bad*, indicates the objectionable character of such vegetation for cattle-feed.

Like its sister republics of Central America, Guatemala stretches from sea to sea, presenting three-fourths of its fertile, well-watered face toward the Atlantic. The belt lying west of and sloping down from the Cordilleras is mostly decomposed scoria, and on this rich black volcanic *débris* is grown as fine coffee and cane as earth can produce. One coffee-grower is said to have sold his crop of the season of 1880 for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Owing to heavy export duties, no sugars are now sent out of the country, and

the magnificent *fincas* (sugar estates) are run to but half the capacity of their perfect and expensive machinery. Cochineal, hides, deer-skins, rubber, cocoa, and valuable woods are among the chief exports.

The thermometer varies from ninety degrees in the valley bottoms to an average of seventy on the mountain plateaus. During the rainy season—May to October—there are two or three hours of deluging thunder-storm every afternoon, with a generous twenty-five or thirty inches of rainfall per month. The mornings are springlike and balmy.

There are about a million and a quarter of inhabitants—say twenty-five thousand Spanish, and the remainder Indians. These latter are peaceful, honest, and industrious. Their costumes in the different districts are distinctive and highly picturesque. The bright colors of the women's dresses gleaming through the tropical foliage of the roadsides, as in troops they gayly carry their head-loads to market, go to make up an animated scene, worthy of artist's pencil and colors.

Upon the sea-levels the inevitable *calentura* (the coast fever) prevails. On the salubrious mountain steppes the stalwart "cargo" Indian—often "three score years and ten"—may be

seen packing upon his back one hundred and fifty pounds, over fifty miles of rough trail. As in Switzerland, the native women of these altitudes are afflicted with goitre—their heads often set in a circle of neck-tumors of hideous form and size. With this exception, there are no prevalent diseases.

Valuable mines of silver, gold, and other metals are also abundant, but little worked. A broad seam of anthracite coal has recently been discovered in the interior, and will be valuable when reached by a railroad.

The city of Guatemala numbers about fifty-five thousand souls, and was founded over two hundred years ago by the Spaniards, who placed it a hundred miles from the coast, and at an altitude of six thousand feet. This was to be beyond the reach of buccaneers as well as coast fevers. These rovers of the sea, however, on more than one occasion, penetrated to the city's walls in quest of booty and beauty.

The city is stone-paved, gas-lit, well policed, wired, sewered, and watered. It has some fine two-story stone dwellings; grand old cathedrals and churches; spacious barracks, filled with soldiers and modern arms; scientific institutions; an excellent system of public schools; fine markets and plazas; a splendid

theater, costing two hundred thousand dollars; a fine post-office, and many imposing and elegantly furnished private residences. A street-railway is now being laid, and a second race-course laid out.

The Grand Hotel has an American bar-room, where do congregate the ever-thirsty American squad to indulge in iced cocktails. Altogether the city of Guatemala deserves its title of "the Paris of Central America." The stores are very large and fine. The men are courteous, and the women kind,—but, as a rule, not pretty. The ladies of San Francisco seemed charming after viewing the eternal procession of barefooted and bareheaded *señoras* of Guatemala. What blissful exemption from little bills for French hats and shoes paterfamilias enjoy in Central America!

The railway will be finished from San José de Guatemala (the Pacific port) to the city probably within two years. Then people will no longer have to risk their necks in a debilitated *diligencia*—the elegant appellation given to an antiquated mule-wagon—from the present railroad terminus, Esquintla, to the city of Guatemala. The road is still more atrocious than the conveyance, and the drivers worse than the road. The rude stone pavements,

laid hundreds of years ago upon this highway to the sea, have been in part dislodged by the rain torrents and the increased travel of the heavy carts of the country.

As railways are now superseding these highways, the government bestows but little repairs upon the latter. Along its course, old composite parapets, walls, gateways, and guards, built in the early colonial days, still hold themselves together with a decayed but proud Castilian bearing.

Upon the lower mountain steppes the roadsides are dense with bright tropical verdure. The lofty trees, garlanded with hanging vines of vivid orchids present an impenetrable drapery of flowers, perfumes, and blending colors unknown to our northern senses. And these aërial homes of splendor are not without beautiful inhabitants. The mocking-bird, oriole, and many species of the parrot tribe fill the air with mingled melodious and discordant sounds. Ever conspicuous by his gaudy colors, is the noisy macaw, the largest of this class. Upon his plumage nature lavished the remnant of sunset tints, but neglected to attune his dissonant voice to harmony.

Long strings of pack-mules, tied neck and

tail, meekly bearing their burdens, wind in and out, picking their way along the smoothest paths. Swarthy, muscular Indian drivers and cargo-carriers go by,— the latter, in point of intelligence, scarcely a degree above their four-footed competitors, and equally indifferent to costume. Lines of women in single file pass on, their scanty but cleanly dresses flashing in brilliant hues, like the gay birds of their climate, as, with a swift and graceful swinging walk, they balance upon their erect heads heavy baskets of fruit and wares.

“How far have you come this morning, *niña*?” I asked of a little ten-year-old maiden, who, with well-developed, supple figure, seemed unconscious of the twenty-pound basket she supported, Atlas-like, as she swung her arms with careless grace and sang.

“Only three leagues, *señor*,” she replied; and I wondered if our American girls would carry such a weight for nine miles before breakfast, even for such health and symmetry as this wood-nymph possessed.

Throughout Central America probably no name is more feared or loved than that of José Trofino Barrios, President of the republic of Guatemala. A physiognomist or phrenol-

ogist would at once recognize a man of no ordinary type in this the most advanced ruler of Spanish America. About forty-five years of age, five feet eight inches in height, muscular and hardy, nervously active—mentally and physically,—his quick glance reads character as an open book. Courteous, educated, and especially well read in ancient history, he, in many respects, administers his government after the swift and sternly just Spartan rule. Unassuming, outspoken, and approachable, he unhesitatingly speaks and acts in a manner agreeably at variance with the usual tiresome uncertainty of Spanish diplomacy. There is no partiality in his audience-chamber. There the wealthy don takes no precedence of the ragged Indian who comes to ask justice from an oppressor.

Such democracy naturally makes him particularly popular with the lower classes, who are ever ready to support his cause. No other man would have dared, in a priest-ridden land, to drive out in a single day the horde of Jesuit priests who there, as everywhere, sought to bend all to the creed of Loyola.

The President one morning telegraphed to the Panama steamer, just arrived at the port, to wait a few hours for some distinguished

personages, whose passage he would pay. Captain Searle, of the Colima, was somewhat astonished when, from the cloud of dust upon the shore, some thirty-five bedraggled Jesuit priests hurriedly put off for his vessel. They were landed at Costa Rica.

It is said that one of these fathers disregarded the order never to return to Guatemala, and had the temerity to revisit that city several months after. Rumor has it that the President sent for him, and, after a brief lecture, consigned him to the Bastile, (chief military prison,) where he was slowly whipped to death. But I have it from good authority that, instead, he was quietly, and by night, escorted by a guard across the line into Salvador, grateful for his spared life.

The whipping story was doubtless invented to discourage the return of others. Flesh-creeping tales of cruelties perpetrated within the frowning walls of the great red Bastile are whispered with bated breath by many who believe a government spy is in every shadow. *Señores* and *hombres* were shot, hung, or whipped to death with switches, because they could not take hot bricks from the kiln with their blistered hands; *señoras* and *mujeres* who talked against the President's banish-

ment of Jesuits were enveloped in trusses of hay, and suspended by ropes placed under their arms until the wild cattle ate the fodder from off them. These tales, with a thousand others equally improbable, were circulated by the enemies of the President. But it is a remarkable fact that it is all hearsay; no one can assert its truth.

Many stories are told of the liberality and prompt justice of General Barrios, some of which show a streak of humorous eccentricity in his character. They read not unlike those of the Caliphs of Bagdad.

Taking a quiet afternoon horseback-ride with a friend, he noticed a poorly furnished barber-shop, just opened, in the suburbs. Dismounting, he entered and requested a shave. The barber did not know him, but, being an amusing and expert fellow, so well satisfied the General that the following conversation occurred:—

“*Amigo*, why do you open such a miserably furnished shop,—and out here in the country, too? Why don’t you set up where you can shave the President, the ministers, and the generals?”

“Ah, señor, I am *muy pobre*, and can’t do

better until my talent is known. I have just come to the city. But if I could once shave his excellency the President, I know he would have no other barber afterward."

"You are a conceited fellow," replied the General. "Here is a hundred dollars; fix up a decent shop, and pay me back when you earn it."

Wonder-struck, the barber vainly asked the name of his generous friend, and learned it later only when he really became "Barber to His Excellency."

Señora Barrios, the President's wife, is one of the most accomplished and beautiful women on the American continent. Of an old Spanish family, gracious and amiable, she seems to reign a queen among her subjects. To her the women go, as do the men to her husband, for aid or redress.

Not long since a young and pretty girl obtained audience, and confided to Señora Barrios the story of her simple life. She had come from the country, and obtaining a place in the house of a certain wealthy Don Juan, worked as a servant for a mere pittance. Her good looks had attracted the old don's admiration, and opportunity more than consent

had gained him her favor. With time came other responsibilities, the expense and maintenance of which the old don, rich as he was, refused to recognize. The weak and wronged woman was thrust forth, and with the child-like faith these Indians have in their father-president, she sat before the Señora's door, and, with her bronzed Cupid in her arms, patiently waited for the appearance of "La Señora Barrios."

Her sad tale was kindly listened to, and her temporary wants relieved. She was told to come again the next day. Then she saw "El Presidente," who, after questioning her, sent for Don Juan, and the following was said and done:—

"Don Juan, in the moral administration of my office, many remarkable cases are presented to me, and I often feel the want of some adviser. It has been my habit to consult with the most intelligent and prominent of the citizens under such circumstances, and for that purpose I have now sent for you." Then the General, without mentioning names, related the betrayal and desertion of the girl by one of the city's wealthiest men.

"What now, Don Juan, should this don do for the poor girl?"

"Do, your excellency? You should make him pay well for it, the old rascal!"

"But about what do you think would be proper provision for the mother and child, Don Juan? About thirty dollars a month?"

"Your excellency, you are altogether too lenient with the old scoundrel; he is lucky in escaping with the punishment of a fine only. I would make him pay two thousand dollars cash down."

"Well, Don Juan," the General replied, "I believe you are right. But perhaps you could better judge of the case if you were yourself to talk with the girl. I will send her in from the next room."

It is quite unnecessary to add that the President heard nothing further of the matter, except thanks from the girl, sent through his wife, for the liberal settlement he had effected for her.



Squaw Rock.

LEGEND OF SQUAW ROCK.

LEGEND OF SQUAW ROCK.

THAT turbulent winter stream, the Russian River, not many miles above the beautiful town of Cloverdale, makes a sharp angle around an immense rock that stands—a precipitous promontory abruptly ending a mountain spur—a sheer five hundred feet above the deep, dark summer-sleeping pool; at its base, rises perpendicular the clean, overhanging face of the precipice. Some resistless convulsion of nature has torn off the west end of the spur, like a Cyclopean effort to dam the foaming floods of winter that swirl and roar through the barricade of fallen fragments below.

Squaw Rock, standing like a massive spired cathedral at this elbow of the wild river, is a landmark seen for miles from the road which follows the winding water-course. Upon a turretlike formation that surmounts it, a tree has grown and blown into a shape that adds to the superstition with which the few Mendocino Indians now remaining view it. From a

distance, it completely assumes the appearance of a gigantic human figure—that of an Indian squaw, with a papoose upon her back, sitting at the edge of the lofty turret. The Mendocino and Lake Indians say the spirit of the squaw who found there a tragic death haunts the cliff, where the rocks she hurls down at white men passing after sundown are frequently heard falling.

From an intelligent and educated Indian half-breed woman, living at a *rancheria* near Echo Station, were gleaned in fragments the incidents woven into the following story.

Away back in the '50's, when the Coast Range was thickly settled with Indians, a great pow-wow was held at the death and burial of a squaw of the tribe, who had long exercised, through her superior knowledge and unusual beauty, extraordinary influence over all the Coast Indians. While very young, she had attracted the attention of a Russian officer at Fort Ross, who had bought and educated her. By him she had one daughter, Panchita,—a bright and beautiful blonde,—her only child, with whom she returned to her people when the officer suddenly died at the Russian settlement upon the coast.

As straight and pliant as her mountain pines, Panchita sprang up into graceful maidenhood. From her handsome half-breed mother, whose father was a distinguished Mexican political exile, she inherited great liquid Spanish eyes of darkest hue, contrasting vividly with a clear, white skin and deep-red hair that hung in luxuriant rippling masses about her shapely shoulders.

Above the ordinary standard of women of her race, she seemed a very goddess among them, and they looked up to and revered her as such. From her father came the haughty imperiousness of the Russian character, as did the blonde strain and altitude of figure. No Indian chief save one had ever dared to ask her to be a wife. A reckless brave was Mendocino Juan, and when she bade him begone, he swore he would steal her before another moon. On the dark night he attempted it, she buried a knife in his heart, and the riderless steed dashed away alone to the chief's wild home she spurned.

Hers was an unhappy lot. Brought up to the age of twelve years among whites, it was even harder for the daughter than for the mother to return to the almost animal Indian life. They lived alone, these two—the digni-

fied and silent mother and the haughty young beauty—in their skin-covered hut at the outskirts of the old *rancheria* on the Russian River mound. From an Indian standpoint, they were very wealthy, for they had horses, dogs, blankets, and many comforts unpossessed by their Indian neighbors. The fierce dogs jealously guarded the women and their home, which few cared to approach after dark.

Pancha—as she was called when no longer little—possessed the only firearm in the village—her father's shotgun. With only a wolf-skin cinched upon the back of her favorite horse, she would ride astride all day, like a very Centaur, hunting and carrying home at night the deer, and often bear, secured by her unerring aim. Their hut was covered, both outside and in, with the skins of wild animals, while the bark-covered floor was thick with the softest furs. Pancha's lithe, graceful form was generally set off to the best advantage when, in buckskin dress of open shirt, short skirt, and leggins, she sprang, gun in hand, upon the back of her obedient steed.

By some arrangement made by the dying Russian officer at Fort Ross, the mother and daughter received each month a small sum of

money, or its equivalent in goods, from the commissary's store. But there the daughter would seldom go, for she ill-brooked the open admiration and advances made to her by the white men of the settlement. She would not be an Indian's squaw, nor less than a white man's wife. She lived for her mother, her horses, and her dogs. Her gun and knife were ever near, and all took warning from the fate of the brave she slew in self-defense.

Unusually intelligent and precocious, Pancha, taught to read and write at the settlement, had eagerly devoured every book obtainable, in both Russian and Spanish. She understood, but spoke only when necessary, the Indian dialect, which she despised as much as she did the race. Even of English she had acquired enough in childhood to speak of the ordinary things of the day.

There was really nothing in the straight, clean-cut, delicate features that betrayed her Indian origin, unless it were their immobility in the presence of others than her mother. Her cold command of expression and voice was never broken, even though her wild, vengeful Indian blood might glitter in her dark eyes. A sudden word or meeting would send the rich red torrent coursing

through her veins, tingeing the clear, healthy skin, from the oval chin to the delicate little ears, with a crimson glow.

She had read and heard of love, and her young heart yearned for the perfect bliss unattainable—a dream of sweet happiness in the companionship of such a hero as her girlish fancy pictured, by whose side she would ride like the wind on sunny days; a trusty heart to nestle close to when the storm-clouds obscured the midnight moon. From out the old Russian and Spanish histories of the settlement and the tales of wondrous worlds beyond the broad seas, told her at the knee of a father whose memory she worshiped more than her patron saint, her glowing imagination had created an ideal lover, who would some day seek her. Would he ever find her there—there, among those human brutes, those debased Indians, the strain of whose dark blood in her veins she abhorred?

Time was telling upon her mother, whose intellect never equaled the girl's. The indolence of the Spanish and Indian blood asserted its authority with the parent, who thought mostly of her comfort, her growing ailments, and her church. The girl had no other companions than her horses and her dogs, and

when she took her gun in hand their pleasure was simply frantic. Daily, when weather permitted, she rode forth to the chase, the great Russian setters and hounds bounding along by her side, wild with excitement, but obedient to her every glance.

At last the day came when brave Pancha met her fate. Going out at sunrise one morning, she found the trail of a horse and man, and tracked it through a deep cañon that led to the sea. The unshod feet of the animal proved him a mustang, but the shapely footprints of the man's boots showed him to be one of the numerous young Americans then pouring into the country by tens of thousands, attracted by the discovery of gold.

Why was he walking? His animal was either packed with the tools and provisions of a miner, or he was a hunter, his horse bearing the game he had shot.

Allowing the dogs to scent the trail, Pancha rode on at a quickened pace, her curiosity excited by the fresh tracks. In a few minutes the two hounds paused, and, baying their most dismal note, dashed on ahead. It was the signal that the chase was near, and, speaking to her horse, the girl kept close behind the dogs.

At a turn in the trail, a hundred yards beyond, they almost leaped upon the prostrate form of a man lying at full length upon the ground, just at the edge of a cascade of Russian River and directly opposite the towering cliff of Squaw Rock. Down in the rocky river bottom, among the massive boulders, lay his still struggling horse. The animal and man had slipped upon the narrow path. The saddle, with the carcass of a slain deer lashed to it, had turned, and, with the uneven foothold, prevented the fallen horse from rising. From a deep cut in the man's head, the blood was still trickling. He was insensible, and pale as death itself.

To spring from her horse, tear open the man's vest, and place her hand upon his heart was but the act of a moment with Pancha. He had only swooned, and before the girl could return with water from the river he recovered and opened his eyes. Still dazed and stupid from the brain concussion, he was unable to speak or recognize the condition he was in.

Upon attempting, with her help, to rise, she found one of his ankles was broken. Inducing him to lie down again, she descended the rough river-bank, where she quickly freed his

horse so that it could rise. Finding the animal uninjured, she replaced the saddle, and, leaving the game, led the beast up the bank to his master's side. Then, after binding his head with a strip of underclothing, she treated the broken bone with wet leaves and bark as a splint to steady it, cutting strips from his saddle-blanket to tie the appliance securely on.

Meanwhile, the injured American lay quietly staring at her with vacant eyes. For fully an hour she sat by his side, bathing his wounds with water. Then, gradually, the light of intelligence returned, and he weakly asked where he was and what the matter might be.

She bade him drink some water, and soothingly said she was going to take him where he would be cared for, as he had been hurt by a fall.

Slowly all came back to him, as he recognized his own horse tied near; and then, again turning his wondering eyes upon the girl's face, he asked her who she was and whither she wished to take him. She told him that she was a poor Indian girl, and could offer him only the hospitality of the hut where she lived with her mother.

The sun was well-nigh at meridian before

the man had recovered strength enough to get upon his horse, even with the girl's aid. Swinging his gun to the horn of his Spanish saddle,—for he was still too weak to hold the heavy rifle,—the girl sprang upon her pony and led the way through the dense undergrowth of cottonwood and willow.

The sun was sinking in the wide western ocean when, in the twilight, Pancha guided the wounded stranger to her mother's hut. Its interior was divided by a canvas curtain, and in the outer division he was speedily made as comfortable as the painful nature of his wounds would admit. Her softest robes and furs were his couch, and with deft hands she bathed the injuries with cold spring water. Soon the Indian bone-setter she had sent for arrived and adjusted the bone, which was broken just above the ankle.

That night the wounded man became delirious from the injury to his head. For two weeks, raving in a brain fever, his youth and strength struggled for the life that grim death sought to wrest away. He was totally unconscious of the ever-vigilant girl, who, even for a few hours of necessary rest, reluctantly yielded to her mother the place of watcher by his side. At last the fever crisis

was past, the struggle was over, and the weak and weary sufferer lay still, but conscious. His recovery was now a matter of time and care only. He would have expressed his gratitude, but Pancha smilingly placed her hand against his lips and bade him not to talk.

The invalid was a tall, well-built, and well-appearing American of about twenty-six years. His features were regular, and, in their entire repose and extreme pallor, resembled a Greek face chiseled in white marble. His great gray eyes and soft brown hair, beard, and mustache added to the pathetic look the bandage across his wounded forehead gave. He was unquestionably a handsome man,—and the helpless, appealing look that ever sought her tender eyes had broken the seals of her heart forever.

And was this her hero? Her own heart had already asked and answered that question. Be he whom he may, he held her future happiness in the hollow of his hand.

Poor Pancha!—her better self had struggled hard to subdue—at least, to hold in reserve—the untamed impulses that wildly rushed her onward to her fate. She realized how little she knew of him, how little she might ever be to this handsome man of a race that scorned her own in wedlock. Then came a flood of

reckless madness, born of her life station. Why not anything with the man she loved rather than the lonely, yearning, repulsive life she led among these Indians? She felt how much this man had entered into her very life, and knew that without him it would never be the same again.

Week after week Archie Henderson lay in the luxury of invalidism and idleness, basking in the warmth and sunshine of a fond woman's love. The bearskin *portière* of that humble hut fell like a wall of darkness when the faithful girl briefly left him in his convalescence to seek for game or some luxury to tempt his palate to restoring strength. He had read the secret in her beautiful eyes, and his own heart had gone out to her in return.

Then came the weeks of feeble effort to walk with the crude crutches she obtained for him. The solicitous aid of her pliant, graceful form guided his wavering steps. Seated upon the shore of the rippling river, he at last told her all she had longed to know,—he was unmarried; had never before known a woman's love.

Beneath the glorious light of the harvest moon, he told her tales of far-off lands, where the people of his race lived in power, refinement, and luxury. He was a man of education

and social rank, and he found a pleasure in picturing to her bright, eager intellect the vividly contrasting scenes of highest civilization.

The fear came to her that he, who knew so much, who must be so loved in that other and brighter world, could never be content with life in that wild country, with only the poor recompense of her love. Ah, how did he answer her? How has man ever answered the confiding love of woman? She was only too willing to believe he uttered the truth in the protestations of undying love he made. He would take her far away from the hateful, debasing associations that surrounded her. Her bright mind would quickly master the situation, while her rare beauty would make her the cynosure of all society.

The maturing of their affection was not unobserved by the Indians of the *rancheria*. With all her proud reserve, there were chiefs among them who would have dared a dozen deaths to gain her for a wife. They had nothing but hatred for the handsome pale-face who had won the love of their beautiful queen.

Weeks flew into months—a year had gone by,—and still the white man lingered by the side of the lovely Indian girl. They rode,

hunted, read, and swam together. They lived outdoors through the mild winter into the fresh, bursting spring; and then, when the plains and hills were clad in a fragrant garb of endless flowers, their young dreams of earthly love and life were ended.

Among the bucks of the tribe who persistently showed his admiration of Pancha, was a thriving half-breed Indian, called Concho. Like Pancha, he had some Russian blood in his veins, but the Indian greatly predominated, and his dark, pit-marked, brutal face was the only one that aroused a fear within her. He had once openly threatened to kill Henderson, and ever after, as often as it was possible to do so, she kept close by his side when the savage was at home.

But there came a time when her step was made heavier by love's lingerings, and the duty of supply from field and stream fell entirely upon Henderson alone. His departures were accompanied always by her last look of love, her last caution against an ambushed foe.

At length the twilight of a weary day that marked his absence died into a funeral blackness in the western sky, and still her love, the husband of her heart and soul, returned not. Then she dispatched, with no stinted promises

of reward, all of the Indians she could command. The pine-burr torches blazed on every trail and gleamed upon the stream. Then the Indian death-cry rang out in deadly echoes against the mountain-side: "He was found — but dead!"

Slowly they bore his body to her hut, and, without a word, retired, Indian-like, in grim silence. When the bear-skin had fallen at the entrance of the hut and she was alone with her beloved dead, she threw herself upon his body in uncontrollable grief. Deeply buried in his heart was the keen flint arrow-head of the foe who had sworn his death. The shaft was feathered with the plume of a crow — the sign of Concho, the hated half-breed.

That night the pledge of her love for Henderson, his son, was born unto her — anticipating life through her agony at the death of that murdered and yet unburied father.

Pancha permitted none but her now old and nearly helpless mother and an Indian girl to enter the hut for two days after the death of Henderson and the birth of his son. Her will was law among her people, and all was mute around the mourned dead, beside whom she sat in darkness and in silence.

Once only was her deep grief broken in upon

— when the confessed assassin was brought to her for sentence. She refused to look upon him or name the measure of his punishment; so the Indians hanged him to the tree from which he slew his unoffending victim.

Upon the rounding bank of the river, at its curve opposite the great cliff, she bade them dig a grave to bury her love. There were no wild lamentations, no tears from her. With rigid features, eyes that had a far-off look, a voice unshaken by her bursting heart, she saw them pile the great rocks upon his lonely grave.

That night she disappeared, but they who at break of day had sought her saw the first rays of the rising sun fall upon the figure of a woman seated upon the pinnacle overhanging the great precipitous rock and grave. She was crooning over the child, swaying to and fro upon the very edge of that wild chasm. As the sun rose above the edge of the horizon in all its gilded glory, the woman greeted it with the wild death-chant of her people. Then, above the murmuring stir of awakening nature, the soothing, happy sound of life renewed, rang out the Indian death-yell once again, as the woman leaped from that dizzy height with her child in her arms.



Blue Lake

A TRAGEDY OF BLUE LAKES.

A TRAGEDY OF BLUE LAKES.

FOR so large a State of mountain, river, and plain, California possesses very few lakes. A portion only of Lake Tahoe lies within its boundary. The gradually shrinking Tulare Lake and Clear Lake are the two other largest ones. Across the divide between Lake Tahoe and the head-waters of the American River lies a glittering necklace of smaller lakes, encircling the lofty brow of the Sierras, like a diadem of purest jewels.

Mono, Owens, Yucca, Calientes, and the recently created Salton, are the next largest. There are a few other smaller bodies of water, either natural or artificial, but none that are important or particularly picturesque. But, situated in the scenic mountains of the Coast Range in Lake County, dimpling among the pine-covered peaks of its northeastern limits, lies a short chain of three lakes, the still, crystal beauty of which well deserves the old Spanish appellation of "Lagos Azules," or Blue Lakes.

Faced on either side north and south by verdure-clad mountains, in reality the reflected color in their mirrored surface is the photographed foliage of the evergreen pines and madrones. But now and again there comes most unaccountably a tint of heavenly blue, deeper, darker than the sapphire sky above, which during the summer months is seldom overcast by clouds.

Once themselves lakes, level, parklike meadows, sprinkled with majestic oaks, continue either end of the little valley where sleep the trio of calm waters. Their surface seldom shows a ruffled brow, save when kissed by the west trade-winds of the broad Pacific.

Like a veritable *château français*, upon the edge of the westmost lake stands a truly French hostelry, so environed by charming attractions peculiar to the modern Gaul that one could imagine himself transported to some fair scene in Southern France,—arbors graceful in rustic architecture and shaded by fragrant creeping vines; fountains, fishponds, and winding paths; broad verandas, with low French windows that look out upon these smiling lakes kissed by the rising and the setting sun. The glancing sails of boats that swoop like dipping wings of soaring birds;

the flash of distant oars; the shouts and laughter of many guests; the persistent fisherman; the shifting figures of the merry bathers; the spicy breezes sighing through the mountain pines; the grateful warmth of summer suns; the indifference to all metropolitan cares left behind; the languid repose of picturesquely dressed guests, lounging in hammocks or grouped upon the shore and in the groves,—all form a picture in Nature's brilliant setting fit for the confines of Elysium.

This is no ideal scene, but only an attempt to depict in a few words one of the loveliest mountain resorts of a State possessed of too many attractions of shore, mountains, and springs, to prove profitable with so sparse a population.

To the few who may search beyond the terminus of railroads, many wild and charming mountain localities are revealed. The Blue Lakes is one of them; and yet amidst this scene of beauty and apparent contentment was recently enacted one of the most painful dramas ever wrought through misguided human passions.

Among the select guests at this resort was

one of the wealthiest and most prominent capitalists of San Francisco, a widower, accompanied by his two young daughters. They had just returned from an extended European trip, where every advantage, attention, and accomplishment had been bestowed by the father upon his lovely girls. Aged respectively eighteen and twenty years, while the younger, a blonde, would at any time be recognized as an attractive girl, it was upon the elder, a pronounced brunette, that the fatal gift of perfect beauty was bestowed. Large, languishing black eyes of the Spanish type, oval face and clear olive complexion, dazzling teeth and coquettish smile, the swiftly varying expressions of her features ever changed with all the mobile charm of her Andalusian loveliness. A native of California, she possessed the stately and graceful form almost unexceptional in the daughters of the Golden State.

It was rumored in society circles that she was about to wed one of the most talented young lawyers of San Francisco, to whom she had been engaged for some time.

This young gentleman had spent several weeks at the lakes, and had just departed for his home.

The stage that arrived in the morning after he left brought as one of its passengers a distinguished-looking young Englishman ; his fine physique and well-bred air, his gentlemanly reserve of manner and courteous deportment testified to what he really was,—not only a nobleman by birth but by nature. Standing six feet in stature, short brown curly hair, large but classic features, firm, well-molded chin, over which drooped a long brown mustache, somewhat heightening the sad expression of his face, he was such a man as women look back at in passing. That he was an invalid, was apparent by the pallid and wearied expression of his countenance.

As is customary at summer resorts, the guests had gathered upon the broad verandas of the hotel to witness the arrival of the stage. Covered with the midsummer road dust, as the occupants of the vehicle alighted it would be somewhat difficult to recognize an intimate friend. Yet as the young Englishman stepped upon the veranda, from the changing expression that passed over the face of the capitalist, it was evident he saw in the soiled and worn traveler some unwelcome guest. This apparent recognition seemed shared also by his daughter — for they glanced

at each other with startled eyes. Gravely raising his hat as he passed the group upon the veranda, the young Englishman, followed by his valet, proceeded at once to the office of the hotel, upon the register of which he simply entered the name of "Henry Langford and servant, England."

And now let us go back a year, and shift the scene from the Blue Lakes in California to a reception at the hotel of the American Minister in Paris, France. It was there, in in the winter of 18—, at a ball given by that representative, that Lord Henry Langford had first met Mr. Wallace and his two daughters.

At that period Langford had just entered upon his majority; and, related to the best families in England, in some way he also had American connections in Paris, to visit one of whom he had run across the Channel. In this manner he was at the American Consulate.

Henry Langford, though possessing naturally a noble and straightforward character, had not reached his manhood without participating in the dissipation that too often characterizes the young nobility of Europe. He had won literary honors at college; he was

celebrated among his fellows as brave, generous, and reckless. He could ride a horse, sail a boat, shoot a gun, or tell an after-dinner story far better than the average man; and yet, with all these accomplishments, he had been, as is often the case, swept into a whirlpool of dissipation, in which gambling played a prominent part.

Broken in health, ennuied, and questioning the value of life, he had that evening looked for the first time upon the fair face of the American girl. Then suddenly within his heart there was realized his ideal of what a loved woman might be. If there were any defects in the character or appearance of the girl, they were not obvious to his eyes; for, with the blindness of love's vision, he had rushed into the first ecstasy of its entrancement. So far as he was concerned, it was the old, old story of love's impetuosity. The best part of his nature was then dawning, and had circumstances permitted, his might have been a happy and joyous life.

That it was impossible for any young lady to meet with entire indifference a man so thoroughly qualified to charm as was Henry Langford must be conceded; and yet the lady gave no encouragement to his deferential

addresses. Obtaining permission to call upon Miss Wallace, he did so upon the following day, and then learned from her father that they were about leaving for Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. He followed them as soon as politeness would permit, and there and elsewhere upon this European trip made manifest to both the father and daughter his desire to pay his addresses to the latter. Affairs had reached a point of embarrassment that seemed to justify the father in alluding one day to the engagement of his daughter to a young lawyer in San Francisco.

This had occurred upon an occasion when Lord Langford was dining with them in a hotel in Vienna. He immediately changed color, and, begging to be excused, retired at once.

On the following day, he addressed a long and pathetic letter to the lady, in which he declared that without her love and society life had no value to him, and that if she refused to entertain his addresses, he would kill himself!

Such a violent appeal and threats were not calculated to advance his cause with either father or daughter, and a coldly polite note from the former to Lord Langford informed

him that the familiarities of traveling companionship had better cease at that date. This was followed by the abrupt departure of the father and his daughters early the next morning, with destination unstated.

There was much in the event which pained and grieved the heart of Miss Wallace; for she could not be insensible to the honors laid at her feet by a gentleman of such rank and personal grace. The following steamer from Liverpool to New York took the family back to the American continent and their home.

The father and his daughters from time to time, through mutual friends, heard of a wild career of dissipation and recklessness into which Lord Langford had plunged after their parting. Later, during the following summer, they had heard that he was upon the American continent; but they did not dream that he was in the Golden State until they saw him descend from the stage at Blue Lakes.

That his wild career had left its marks upon his handsome face was at once obvious; and believing truly that his presence at the Blue Lakes was more than a coincidence, Mr. Wallace at once registered himself and his daughters for seats in the next stage departing for the railroad depot.

It was impossible for Miss Wallace to avoid meeting Lord Langford at the hotel unless she should shut herself up in her room. So early that afternoon she and her sister were joined by that gentleman, while strolling upon the lake shore.

With all the exquisite courtesy that characterized his manners, Lord Langford begged her to pardon his presence at the same hotel, and with a rapidity of utterance that was convincing in its sincerity of expression, he told her that he had dared to follow her across the ocean to that remote region, to ask her if she could not reconsider her determination. Beseechingly, he asked if there was no hope for him in life.

It was in vain that she begged him not to mention the subject again; in vain she alluded to their public situation and the presence of her sister. With a feverish earnestness of manner that seemed irresistible, he ignored all these facts and still pressed his suit. There was nothing rude or ungentlemanly in word or manner; almost despairing, as one pleading a *dernier ressort*, in words warm with promise, he pictured to her what her life might be as Lady Langford in England.

He told her how her fair face at once had

lifted up his thoughts and acts to a purer life, when he had first met her and hoped to win her; how, when he knew of her engagement and received his *congé*, he had in reckless revelry sought a forgetfulness his fond memory refused; how he had dragged himself from gilded wretchedness, from all, and had come to her for a last interview, a last hope, a last look upon her fair loved face!

It was all in vain. Gently but firmly she urged him to change his course of life, and to seek some other woman's heart, some one who might make him happier than she could. Kindly she broke to him the fact that the gentleman whom she was to marry during the next month, had but just left the hotel, and she pointed out to him the dishonor which would rest upon her if she listened further to his solicitations. Then, with bowed head he knelt at her feet, and for the first time took her hand and pressed his pale brow upon it. When he arose, with his face set as in death itself, he simply removed his hat with a polite bow and walked away.

The golden beauty of that afternoon in the sweet mountain valley with its linked turquoise lakes, failed to bring pleasure to two sad hearts within its limits. As the sun's

last rays fell upon the water and gilded the widening ripples made by the merry bathers sporting near the swimming platform, a cry went up from one of the gentlemen: "My God! that man is drowning!"

About five hundred yards distant toward the opposite shore, a man was seen wildly throwing his arms above his head, which was below the surface. Who he was, or why he was in that position, none could tell. Two boats and a half a dozen sturdy swimmers at once started for the lone drowning man.

Before the place was reached he had disappeared. A roll-call of the guests of the hotel revealed the absence of Lord Langford, and the information from his valet that he gone in swimming. But the man entertained no fears for his master's safety. It could not be he; for he had swum in every water of the world, and few had excelled him at that sport.

But Lord Langford's place at the dinner-table was vacant that night. More than one guest had seen the excited and piteous appeal of the gentleman to the lady upon the beach, when for a moment he had knelt at her feet; and now a whisper went around that love's desperate despair was ended in the death of the missing man!

For hours that night, beneath the cold rays of a full moon, men dragged the lake bottom for the suicide. Then the body was found, and any lingering doubt was removed by its full identification as that of Lord Langford.

Tenderly, with hands as kind as those of his own blood relatives, his noble form was composed in its last sleep of death. The guests and attendants, guided more by true sympathy than morbid curiosity, came with bated breath and noiseless step to gaze upon the now peaceful face that had so desperately dared to look into the dark unknown. There was but a solitary watcher seated by the motionless form, when in the stillness of midnight the two sisters, with half-suppressed sobs, crept hand in hand slowly to his side.

The watcher considerably left the room, and she for whom he had died rather than see her the bride of another, bowed her dark-veiled head in agony above his silent heart.

None ever dared to ask her if love for him had dawned upon her heart; there were none to question the pure, high honor that dictated her rejection of his love when her troth was plighted to another. She lived to be a true wife of whom no tongue uttered aught but praise. But there were those who believed

that they at times read in her sad eyes a haunting memory of the man who poured out his wasted life and love in that last kiss upon her hand.

THE YACHT MINNIE'S MARK.

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OLD RIVER is, as its name implies, the original mouth of the great Sacramento, which, taking its rise in the northern counties of the State of California, swells with the confluence of the Yuba; Feather, and many lesser streams, into a broad, summer-shallow river, even before it reaches Sacramento City and tide-water. Then the swift American adds its flood of icy waters, poured down from the Sierra's summits through the cascade gorges of the North, Middle, and South Forks of the main stream.

It was upon these upper sources of the American River that gold was first found in 1848,—at Sutter's Mill. The first mining rush and most successful gold-washing with pan and rocker took place upon the bars and banks of these thin, clear streams of melted mountain snow.

A glance at the map of the State of California gives one an idea of the extended area of inland navigation afforded through the chain

of great bays,—San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun.

Into the latter from the north empties the Sacramento; while within a few miles of its mouths,—“old” and “new,”—the San Joaquin also rolls its equally long river floods from the south. These two great streams, navigable for light crafts one hundred miles above their outlets, are often converted into flooding torrents in the spring, by the rains and melting snows.

Mining *débris*,—silt and “slickens,”—carried down from the foothill hydraulic washings, have greatly shoaled these rivers and bays. But for the yachtsman who, in his light-draught center-board, prefers skimming through the labyrinth of green-banked rivers and sloughs to the wilder buffeting of the lower bays, there is a charm about the line where the fresh and salt waters meet.

And just there, too, is a sportsman's paradise for waterfowl shooting. Tortuous sloughs wind in and out through the tule (or wild reed) lands, as far as the eye can reach. Partially covered at highest tides, these extensive tracts, with the streams and lakes, are fairly alive with ducks, geese, plover, swan, snipe, rail, and cranes. Mallard, canvasback, wid-

geon, redheads,—at times, you are surfeited with the abundance of varied game.

In earlier years, before the rage for big lead-keeled schooners converted yacht cruising in these upper waters into lower bay racing, the pair of yachts first built lingered by preference where the salmon, seal, and sturgeon sported in a rip-tide of mingled waters.

The sloop Minnie, built in San Francisco in '67, was the first large yacht constructed upon the Pacific Coast. Sixty-eight feet over all in length, she was twenty-two feet six inches beam.

Her broad, flat floor, with a draught of but three feet two inches, was adapted to cruising in these shoal waters, where she could lie upright upon a mud-flat between tides as securely as she could at the Golden Gate, closehauled, eat into the strong northwest tides, pounding through a choppy sea.

About the same time, Mr. John L. Eckley built the sloop Emerald, a gallant little craft of slightly smaller dimensions, that, like the Minnie, made more than one record in subsequent regattas.

For a couple of years these two boats were the only large ones built and used exclusively for recreation. Comfort more than elegance

was considered in fitting up the interior of these yachts; they had roomy cabins and staterooms, and either boat was easily handled by the owner and a crew of two men forward.

The Bermudian rig—a triangular mainsail, hoisting high on a short club instead of a gaff,—was easily run up by one man, and with a single halyard.

The Minnie's frame was eventually built into that of a new boat—the schooner-yacht *Viva*, ninety-one feet over all. This was done to preserve with certainty her fine lines of entrance and departure. But the gift of equal speed was not fully transmitted to the *Viva*. Nevertheless, she is still an unusually fast sealer in the Arctic seas. The *Emerald*, owned by Mr. Oliver, is also still afloat and in commission as a yacht.

But I have digressed into something of a history of Pacific pioneer yacht building. It was to relate the incidents of one particular cruise of these yachts, that I took up my pen.

The summer trades blew stronger in early California days, and frequently anchored ships dragged into collision in San Francisco Bay. Punctually as the hands of a clock, the sea-

breeze at noon made city dust and bay scud fly right merrily.

The fortified islands of Alcatraz and Angel were buried in a dense, dripping fog on an August day in '68, when the sloops Minnie and Emerald cast off their head-lines from the city front and dashed into the windy scud blowing through the Golden Gate. With reefed mainsail and slacked sheets, standing about northeast, we carried the last of the ebb over to the northward of Alcatraz, where we caught and ran up with the young flood.

Through Raccoon Straits, which divide the great Angel Island from the picturesque Marin County shore, we fairly flew, with everything drawing before the howling thirty-mile-an-hour breeze.

It was one of our earliest cruises, and the Minnie at least was neither sparred nor ballasted properly. Westervelt, the then celebrated ship-builder of New York, had built her while on a visit to San Francisco. Five tons of ballast was all she would require to keep her tall mast pointed upward, he claimed. Her main boom was sixty-five feet in length; and cocked clean over on her beam ends, close-hauled, she fairly ran away with me on the trial trip. I had put ten tons more of iron

into her bottom,—and then found she would require another five tons of ballast.

But the run up past Red Rock and The Brothers, through San Pablo Bay and Suisun Bay, was with a free sheet, the wind being upon the port quarter. Outrunning the young flood, we were foaming through the short, choppy sea, that would deluge her forward if sailing closehauled. By dark, we were anchored under the lee of Army Point Bluff in Suisun Bay.

Our families were on board, and we were provisioned for a long cruise in the upper inland waters. Out for the early curlew, plover, and summer duck, our decks showed hunting skiffs on either board.

With the early morning flood we were away, cautiously sounding through the east channel of the "Middle Ground," a treacherous course that has grounded even such a skillful government pilot as Commodore Harrison in its intricacies. That night we anchored in Old River, with just breeze enough to drive away mosquitoes.

We had started off to inaugurate yachting upon the Pacific in true shipshape style. The decks were washed down and swabbed; the halyards neatly laid away in Flemish coil.

The colors were broken out at masthead and saluted with cannonade when we made eight bells and breakfast. Long before that, Eckley and I had taken our plunge overboard and a cup of hot coffee on deck.

If there is any climate that can furnish more delightfully invigorating autumn mornings than are found in these inland Pacific waters, I at least have not found it. The clear coolness of the scarcely stirring southeast morning air seems to inflate the lungs with veritable breath of heaven.

Waiting for wind and change of tide, it was nearly 11 o'clock before we began to creep up the river with a light breeze against the still feebly ebbing tide. We sailed wonderfully close—constantly conversing between the vessels. Before sundown we were anchored in Montezuma Slough.

The Montezuma Slough is a deep connection between the Sacramento and Mokelumne Rivers, running for about ten miles in a serpentine course through the low lands. These low lands are a rich deposit of alluvium, lying just above the tule, or submerged, lands, more prolific than the latter in vegetation, and covered with magnificent oak, sycamore, and cottonwood trees. The sloughs of California

correspond much to the bayous of Louisiana and Florida, but are free from reptiles and malaria.

The northwest trade-wind came howling in from the Coast Range as at noon the following day we began preparations to get under way, intending to run out of Montezuma Slough into the Mokelumne River.

The Minnie was lying in mid-channel, with about twenty fathoms of chain out, when we hove her short and got up the mainsail. The main sheet was belayed to keep her great seventy-foot boom from slatting about and her head to the wind. The capstan, being new, worked hard, and all hands were forward heaving at it or casting off the jib gaskets.

It was necessary to be very lively in handling the craft the moment her anchor was off the bottom — for the deep, narrow waters scarcely afforded room to go about.

Well, just as the cry, "Anchor weighed, sir!" came, the wind veered with a sudden blast, catching her mainsail full, and she ran rapidly up into it, headed for the shore.

It was a big neap tide, at its very height, which was overflowing the banks. By the time I had run aft to the wheel, — which was of little use as against a dragging anchor, —

her rounded forefoot had touched the submerged bank. Her mainsail had a full snap, and she was off on an overland trip. As easy as a locomotive on rails, she shot two-thirds of her length inland; indeed, nothing but the dragging anchor, which caught in the abrupt bank beneath her stern, prevented her trying the dry-land trip.

As she came to a standstill on the muddy bank, her position was just that of a boat upon ways—for she had no list to either board. The after third of hull, principally her greatly overhanging stern, was over the edge of the bank. Until we jumped ashore and by examination found the craft fixed too firmly to permit backsliding, I was fearful that at low tide she might slide off and break her back. But strong timbers and a flat floor, over which was distributed equally the twenty tons of iron ballast, was her preservation.

It took some time to realize our novel situation,—that of a yacht ashore, with mainsail and colors set, riding upright at anchor, with eight fathoms of chain out.

The mud, water, and earth were well up to the seam of the third plank above the garboard streak. We floundered overboard about her until satisfied that no tide—nothing but

mechanical power—would ever force her back afloat again.

Commodore Eckley had come to and anchored near us again, and now joined in the remarkable inquest. He, like myself, was apprehensive that with the lost water support, by the falling tide, her stern might at least be strained. He kindly offered to run down twenty-five miles to Pittsburg and obtain jackscrews, with which to screw her off on the next tide. It was useless to think of warping her with the windlass and lines. It would have been as easy to move the two great sycamore trees that stood about fifty feet upon either side of her. We were only too thankful she had chosen the clear, soft spot selected for a rest.

When Eckley had sailed away upon his mission, I turned to and removed everything heavy from the afterpart of the craft, to relieve the strain when the tide should leave her dry there. From the big sycamore trees I carried stout lines under and to the opposite side of her overhanging stern; then, leading through railchocks and snatchblocks forward to the windlass, hove them down to a taut strain. This hold, comparatively slight as it was, went far to keep her from sliding off; and

it also supported her stern when, three hours after, the tide was nearly six feet below it.

As the craft's timbers occasionally groaned in settling down into her mud cradle, I felt anxious for my family aboard, in the possible event of her breaking or sliding off with a capsize. The kedge was taken ashore and buried ahead of her, with a taut hawser strain through her port hawsepipe. It was a funny sight to see so large a vessel lying to anchor on land!

Just at this time we were much astonished to see a gang of at least fifty men, with picks and shovels on their shoulders, approaching us across the open land. They were Italian levee-diggers, employed in raising a bank about the island to prevent spring overflowing. They had been attracted by the unusual effort of a vessel to sail over their island.

I explained to their foreman, who spoke English quite well, that the situation was quite unintentional; and further established pleasant relations by presenting him with a case of claret. This was really a piece of diplomacy—for a plan of rescue at once occurred to me.

They speedily downed the wine, and then I opened negotiations in somewhat this wise:

"Padrone, you have many strong arms to handle your mattocks and shovels,—will you dig my boat out of this bank?"

The *padrone* laughed as, scratching his black, curly head, he asked his *compadres* what they thought. They gathered into a bunch of wildly gesticulating, loud-talking men; then there was a lull as the *padrone* again spoke: "What will you give for the job, Capitano?"

Looking at my watch and then at the half-ebbed tide, I replied: "You will have about six hours before the next tide reaches her again. If you will take the earth from about her so she will float aft then, I will pay you fifty dollars, and add a couple more cases of wine for the boys to drink."

Then they wildly jabbered for a few moments, again subsiding as the *padrone* said: "There are forty of us. We can so do it,—the bark will float-a early on the next tide-a. But my man—he-a must have one dollar half for each-a one,—sixty dollars, when it is done. The wine would-a help to give-a the good heart!"

Upon these terms the agreement was closed. In less than five minutes, twenty pairs of brawny arms upon each side of the vessel

were swinging mattock and spade with a will that made the damp ground fly.

It was just about dark when the next high water filled the trench dug about the craft. A strong line made fast to a tree across the slough was carried through a snatchblock at her stern and led to the windlass. Four men heaved upon this, while forty pushed at her bows, hauled upon her bowsprit stays, martingale, and ropes made fast amidships. The rising long tide had loosened her in the mud. She could not resist the force, and as gently as from well-seasoned ways, she slid out of her improvised channel into the slough. A ringing cheer broke out from the Roman throats, and was answered by every one aboard, as she was brought up by her recreant anchor.

With the now quiet evening breeze bearing us down toward the river, we steered a course for Pittsburg or to meet the returning Emerald. It was after midnight when we saw the gleam of the full moon glancing upon her white, advancing sails. There was joyful surprise aboard the Emerald when she recognized the approaching yacht Minnie. In a few moments we were anchored alongside each other, and the remarkable mode of escape fully explained.

In the morning we returned the jackscrews to Mr. Pinkerton, at Pittsburg, and again experienced the warm, hearty welcome which that gentleman ever extended to yachtsmen visiting his domain.

A few days after, the Minnie was placed upon the ways in San Francisco for an examination of her bottom. Her center-board case was choked with the stiff mud forced up into it; but beyond that there was not a sign of her desperate attempt at an overland trip — not a seam of caulking or a butt had started.

Shortly after the attempt to run overland, the Minnie carried away her mast at sea, out by the Farallone Islands. Realizing that she was over-sparred, and believing all sloops more or less treacherous, I converted her into a schooner, with satisfactory results.

About fifteen years later, to surely reproduce her excellent lines of entrance and departure, the Minnie's planking was stripped off, her frame cut across at midships, and separated about twenty-five feet. Completely inclosing this old frame was constructed an entirely new hull, and the yacht Viva, ninety-three feet over all, proved a very fast schooner.

She is no longer a yacht. For the past five years she has been the swiftest and most suc-

cessful sealer in the Arctic waters. Her return from her last trip there was announced in the papers of September 18, 1891.

The sloop Emerald is still in commission as a yacht, but no longer owned by Commodore Eckley.

Many larger, faster, more beautiful yachts have followed these pioneer pleasure crafts upon the Pacific waters; but I much doubt if any have extracted more perfect pleasure from their cruises than the Minnie and Emerald found in their earlier explorations of the inland bays and rivers of California.

To this day, the cut in the bank of Montezuma Slough is known to the veteran yachtsmen as "The Yacht Minnie's Mark."



